THE

WAR CRY.

D OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

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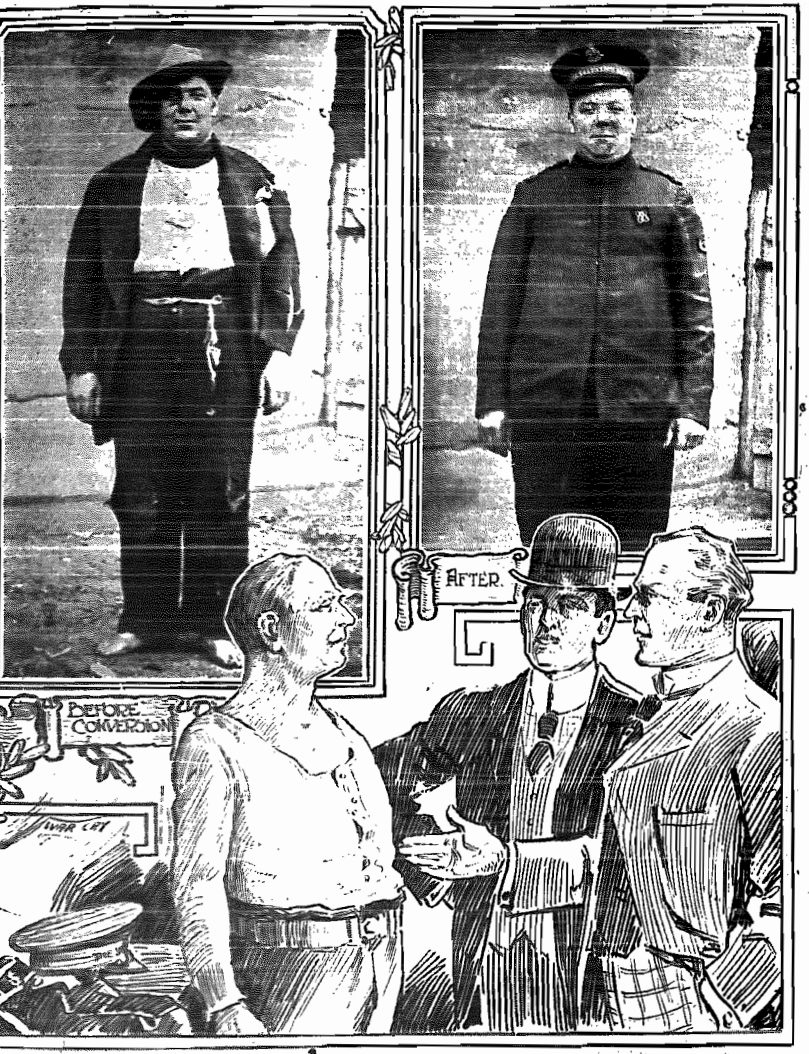
rewery Brown, Our New Serial, begins on Page 4.



The photos on this page show Brewery Brown before and after conversion. The line sketch below depicts a recent incident at Port Huron, when some sporting men came over from Port Huron and made overtures to our comrade to return to the prize ring. Needless to say, the offer was not accepted.

CUTLETS FROM CONTEMPORARIES

Capture of Fort Whisky.

Saloon Becomes Army Hall.

The following is from Lieut.-Colonel Lee's provincial Paper:

"The fiery demon has at last yielded up one of his forts to The Salvation Army, and the flag of hope now floats in love where recently the brewer's trade mark glared defiance to home, hope and Heaven.

"In the spacious basement on the corner of Sixteenth and Larimer Streets, in Denver, the noted Subway saloon, with its seductive music, free lunch, pool, whisky and kindred spirits, has waylaid weak men, women and children for upwards of twenty years.

"Twenty-five years ago The Salvation Army laid seige to this 'Morro Castle' of the devil, and for twenty-five years we have stood on this corner and held meetings, preaching salvation in the power of the Spirit, praying for the Holy Ghost to descend. For twenty-five years the songs of Zion have disinfected the atmosphere above the miasma of hell beneath. For twenty-five years Jesus Christ has stood before this saloon door in the person of faithful Salvation Army men and women. For twenty-five years men and women have had to trample the Blood of Jesus Christ beneath their feet in order to get in and out of this suicide bureau. For twenty-five years our good old Army has fired red-hot Gospel shot at this enemy of the United States and Heaven, and now at last the walls have fallen and the old place is now an neat Army Hall, the brightest and best in the province. Lieut.-Col. Lee will officially open and dedicate it at the beginning of the Fall Congress. This is one of the grandest victories of The Salvation Army in Dener."—American Cry.

Whose Goat?

How the Milk was Secured.

Mrs. Staff-Captain Clayden, who is an Officer in India, came in hot and dusty one day, and the one thing on earth she wanted (writes Staff-Captain Hatcher) was a cup of tea.

But, alas! there was no milk.

"Run to the bazaar and buy," she told the boy who acted as "maid-of-all-work."

There was none in the bazaar.

"Oh! go to the station-master and borrow," said the tired-out, used-up woman.

In a very short time the tea was prepared and brought. Mrs. Staff-Captain drank and was greatly refreshed. Later the milkman came.

"Bring a cup and take back the station-master's milk," she called to the boy.

"The station-master had none," said the boy.

"Where did you get it?" inquired Mrs. Clayden.

"Oh, I met a goat in the way, and the mem sahib must have tea, so I took some from the goat," answered the boy.

"But whose goat was it?" said Mrs. Clayden.

"Who knows? Did not the Lord put it in the road?" said the boy. And Mrs. Clayden realized that there are many ways in which it is true that "Love will triumph," and she sighed as she turned away, knowing there was much teaching yet to be done. — British Cry.

The Heart.

Some of Its Marvels.

That wonderful machine, the human heart, goes night and day for eighty years together, never stopping in its great life-pumping-employment either for rest, nourishment or amusement. No other machine in the whole world is like unto it in the enormous amount of work accomplished or in the wonderful ease with which it effects repairs. It makes 100,000 strokes every twenty-four hours, having at every stroke a great resistance to overcome. Now, each ventricle, or cell, of the heart contains at least an ounce of blood; the heart contracts 4,000 times in an hour, from which it follows that there passes through the heart every hour 250 pounds of blood. The whole mass of blood on an average is equal to twenty-five pounds. Hence it all passes through the heart ten times an hour, or every six minutes. In spite of the enormous amount of work it does, which indicates great strength, its adjustment is extremely delicate and easily deranged by over-exertion or dissipation It derives its motor power from the brain, with which it is connected by a system of nerves. It is these nerves which are first affected, together with the rest of the nervous system, by dissipation and the use of tobacco and other stimulants. — Selected.

The Gift of Sincerity.

Is Something to be Prized.

Take from a man every gift but sincerity; let him be blind and deaf and dumb and lame; let him stammer in his speech, lack education and good manners; handicap him as you please, so you leave him sincerity, and he will command respect and attention. His work will endure. The world, which is always looking for the real thing, will gladly overlook all his infirmities.

In every relation of life, sincerity is the secret of power. The salesman who does not himself sincerely believe in the merits of his goods will generally be a failure. The business man who sets about to fool other people will end—as he has in act, begun—by making a fool of himself. The clergyman who preaches anything that his soul does not approve need look no further to explain the empty pews.

There is no virtue that more men believe in and fewer men practice. Many of us, it may be fair to say, are busily engaged in the utterly futile attempt to run a bluff on the rest of the world. From pillow shams and false fronts to imitation marble buildings and watered stocks, things are largely what they seem.

Be a real man—not a sham aristocrat. Be sincere with yourself, your friends, and your work. With sincerity, a few talents and a little strength may go far. Without it, genius itself must fail!—Exchange.

In Memory of a Lie.

The Dyaks Peculiar Custom.

Perhaps we shall be more discriminating in the use of the term heathen when we have read the following striking facts concerning the Dyaks' character:

"The Dyaks are very truthful. So disgraceful indeed do the Dyaks consider the deceiving of others by an untruth that such conduct is handed down to posterity by a curious custom. They heap up a pile of the branches of trees in memory of the man who has uttered a great lie, so that the future generations may know of his wickedness and take warning from it. The persons deceived start the tugong bula—"the liar's mound"—by heaping up a large number of branches in some conspicuous spot by the side of the path from one village to another. Every passer-by contributes to it, and at the same time curses the man in memory of whom it is. The Dyaks consider the adding to any tugong bula they may pass a sacred duty, the omission of which will meet with supernatural punishment, and so, however pressed for time, a Dyak may be, he stops to throw on the pile some branches or twigs."—All the World.

He had Learned Economy.

An Amusing Little Story.

The son of an Army Officer was passing through a somewhat trying examination recently. Rather dismayed at several of the printed questions, his countenance cleared as he came to the following: "Write an essay of not more than 200 words on 'The History of a Suit of Clothes.'"

With the air of one perfectly familiar with his subject, the boy spread out his paper and began. After stating that the suit was part wool and part cotton, that the cloth manufacturers got it ready for the tailors, and so on, he wrote:

"The cloth was then made up into a suit of uniform for my father When he had worn it for a few years, it was cut down and made into a suit or me, and when I had worn it a year or two I passed it on to my younger brother."—Australian Y. S.

The Praying League.

General Prayer: "O Lord, be pleased to graciously bless all who are in any trouble, sorrow, or bereavement, and especially need Thy grace and presence and help at this time."

1. That our venerable General may be sustained in phys'cal and spiritual strength for his strenuous toils.

2. That a great spiritual harvest may crown all soul-saving efforts in the Dominion.

3. That the work in other lands may be equally blessed by our Heavenly Father.

SUNDAY, January 7.—"Refuges of Lies." Isa. xxviii.: 5-18; xxix.: 18-24.
MONDAY, January 8.—"Worth Waiting." Isa. xx.: 18-30; xxii.: 1-11.
TUESDAY, January 9.— "The Land and its King." Isa. xxxii.: 13-20; xxxiii.: 14-24.
WEDNESDAY, January 10.— "A Sinless Earth." Isa. xxxv.: 1-10; xl.: 9-11.
THURSDAY, January 11.—"Never Weary God." Isa. xl.: 12-31.
FRIDAY, January 12.—"The Blind Mans Guide." Isa. xlii.: 10-16; xliii.: 1-8.
SATURDAY, January 13.— "The Lord's Witnesses." Isa. xliii.: 8-20; xliv.: 1-8.

SNOW THOUGHTS.

"Great things doeth He, which we cannot comprehend. For He saith to the snow, be thou on the earth" (Job xxxvii.: 5, 6); "He giveth snow like wool: He scattereth the hoar frost like ashes" (Psalm cxlvii.: 16).

Snow is a Scripture emblem used often to set forth stainless moral purity, and thus is may be used. As against the defilement of sin it describes the forgiveness and the holiness of the penitent. "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow" (Psalm li.: 7); "Though your sins be a scarlet, they shall be as white as snow" (Isaiah i.: 18). It is used to describe the transfigured Jesus: "And His raiment became shining, exceeding white as snow" (Mark ix.: 3); the purity of the Nazarites in Zion (Lamentations iv.: 7); the Ancient of Days (Daniel vii.: 9); the Angel of the Resurrection (Mathew xxviii.: 3), and the Risen Lord (Revelation i.: 14). The use of snow for purposes of illustrating purity and Holiness is most Scriptural.

Our winters being more severe than in the East, the doctrine of God's providence, found everywhere in Scripture, may be applied effectively. Against the pinch of winter, supplies of wood, coal, oil, and food have been provided by God. The winter temperature of this country, too, is much more equable than it might have been. The Gulf Stream—that great river in the ocean which flows right across the Atlantic till it washes the shores of Britain — keeps our island home several degrees warmer in the winter than it otherwise would have been.

Then snow and frost have direct relation to the production of food. The winter is also the servant of the agriculturist. By expanding the moisture with which the hard clods of the fields are permeated, frost crumbles them down so that the stiffest land becomes porous and mellow. Winter sees the operations of nature not at a standstill, but in orderly progression. Winds, snows, and cold all contribute to the forthcoming harvest.

PRAYING WITH THE POOR.

By HULDA FRIEDRICH.

THE SALVATION ARMY, does not only make a special feature of its prayers at congregational gatherings. It prays at all times, and everywhere. If you meet a soldier on the stairs he greets you with a "Hallelujah!" ask a lassie the way to a mean streets, her last words are: 'God bless you.' There has perhaps never been an individual or a body of men, from mediæval knight to monkish brotherhood, who have adopted the old motto, "laborare et orare" with more right than The Salvation Army. Such articulate prayers they are, these prayers of the Army on the warpath; they are so practical, so confident so straight to the point, and yet so exquisitely touched with the real poetry of prayer. They are the very antithesis of communings with God such as are suggested in Mrs. Browning's beautiful words:

"I lay and spoke not, but He heard in Heaven."

As I write there come back to my mind two scenes in which a desolate room in a London slum was transfigured by the prayer of a humble girl soldier of The Salvation Army into a place the fascination and the strange thrill of which have lost nothing in the course of time.

DOWN IN LONDON'S BACK STREETS.

The first of these incidents happened a good many years ago, shortly after the Army had begun its so-called social work among the London poor A blizzard had swept over London, and it had been freezing hard day after day, week after week; out on the suburban ponds and meres there was more skating and merriment than any but the oldest skaters could remember. All day long and half through the clear nights the fun went on, and when some seriously inclined individual remarked that this long-continued cold was "hard on the poor," the answer came immediately that, what with the snow and what with the ice and the skating, only those who did not want to work need be unemployed. It is true those who said it were always the comfortable people who have never been obliged to do without a meal or a good fire, or warm clothing on a cold day, and who belong in every sense to the half of the world which does not know (nor care) how the other half lives.

One householder after the other came home to frozen pipes; the scarcity of water was becoming serious, and all the comic papers had illustrations of waterless families standing awestruck round dry kitchen taps, waiting to see the marvel of the first drop after the plumber had removed stoppages and mended bursts. Everybody in the world where no one is abjectly poor took the long frost, after the first frettings, in a mildly philosophic spirit, and as a joke, and apparently no one was the worse for this exceptionally long period of wintry weather.

When the cold was at its worst, and the sky seemed only an additional menace as it hung, leaden and dreary, above the cold grey earth, I went with two Salvation Army girls one morning into that far East which lies off the beautiful, wide Commercial Road, in the dreadful back streets of Stepney and Limehouse Both the slum sisters (as they were then called) carried parcels and baskets, and their grave faces brightened as I told them I had some money given to me with which to get coal and food for some of the poorest. Straight on they went through the labyrinth of dull, deserted streets which looked all alike in their utter dreariness, with their open front-doors leading into dark gangways, and with rags or brown paper pushed into the broken window-panes to keep the cold out. Here and there the pinched, grey face of a woman peered out, or she was seen close to the window making matches with feverish haste: a little child, ragged and purple with cold, flitted across the street, or a cart rattled by. Otherwise it seemed as if all life had been suspended in this densely populated region.

TRUE LOVE IN ACTION.

Presently we dived into a doorway, and were admitted to the hovel where an invalid mother and her six small children suffered and starved together. Round the cold fireplace they sat, the woman with her baby in her arms, the other children clustering at her knees and on the bed, trying to get warm under a sheet of brown paper. The women shivered and said nothing: the little starvelings looked greedily at the parcels. In five minutes one of The Salvation Army girls had been out buying firewood and coal and soap, and tea and milk and bread, while the other had found a kettle, a pail, and some rags, and had spread red flannel garments on the bed. In ten minutes the kettle was singing on the crackling fire, the table was laid, the bairns were being washed, and the baby was happy with a bottle of milk. The need of food was so great that the providers of the feast never paused till the hungry-eyed little ones sat at the table and the waxen-faced woman had been relieved of the tiny child. They ate, those children, as only the famished can eat, while their mother sat by, sipping her tea and trying to swallow some food. Her face worked and twitched as she watched one of her visitors wash the baby and wrap it in flannels, while the other knelt on the floor, cleaning the hearth and the floor. When all was done, and a little colour had crept into the faces of the children, who stood by, shy and beaming, gazing round-eyed now at the luxury of the fire, now at their own new clothes, the girls took leave, promising to come again. "God bless you" was all they said, as the poor mother broke utterly down, overwhelmed by the sense of relief from the anguish of seeing her little ones starve around her. It was not much of a prayer, that "God bless you," and the poor woman's broken sob, "God bless you!" but one imagines that, as seen from Heaven, it was worth many a long and eloquent oration.

Into room after room, street after street, The Salvation Army girls went and wherever they entered they brought with them new hope and courage, as well as material help. They fed the hungry, they cared for the sick; they swept floors, cleaned grates, and worked with pail and scrubbing-brush, and they did it as if they were receiving, and not conferring, benefits. So wisely, too, they helped, buying food that would nourish as well as satisfy; suggesting means of securing more warmth; inquiring as to what work a man or a woman would best be able to do, and turning their interest fully and sympathetically to the poor beings to whom they ministered.

At last we reached a tumble-down house that seemed more desolate even than the rest. Downstairs an old woman had a room, which one of the slum sisters cleaned after she had washed and fed the poor, bed-ridden crony. The other girl disappeared for a short time, and then returned, saying to me, "I do not know that we can take you to the last place to which we are going. It is the room upstairs. If you are nervous you ought not to go." The next half-hour was such that it burnt itself into the memory as some few scenes do in the course of every lifetime, remaining almost unnaturally vivid while nearly all else belonging to the same period fades and is forgotten.

The staircase up which we groped our way was like a crooked ladder with rungs at unequal distances. From the walls, as your fingers tapped along in the thick, noisome darkness, oozed a horrible, slimy something, and the air was like that of a charnel-house. At the top of the stairs, without a door, under a sloping roof, with the icy blast cutting its way through broken tiles and the panes of a dormer window, there was an apparently empty room. In the gloom of the sunless winter morning only one object stood out—an egg-box turned upside down in the centre of the room No chairs, no bed, no utensils; not a rag; not a sign of life, as a nightmare.

NIGHTMARES OF POVERTY.

"Don't be afraid," one of the Army lasses whispered to me, laying her hand on my arm, while her companion went to the darkest corner, where the roof all but joined the floor. She stooped and spoke in quiet, gentle tones, and then there was a sound as some inarticulate creature in great pain might utter it, and a rustle as of straw and paper. In another moment there crept from out the darkness what looked like the skeleton of a human being with a few rags hanging loosely around it. It was a woman, a creature physically sunk so deep that I have never yet seen an animal so unutterably debased and abandoned. She crept towards us on her hands and knees; her thin grey hair fell around and over her face; her speech was a wail, almost a howl; her eyes had lost the human look; her face was a nightmare.

They soothed her, offered her tea, bathed her face and her claw-like hands, and met her moans and wails with gentle words, and put a warm wrap round her, and then one of them went again into the dark corner, and, horror upon horror, another woman, old and besotted and trembling, crept slowly out of the filthy lair. They were two sisters, and at ordinary times they were quite unapproachable, speaking to nobody, and allowing no one to know how they lived. They were quite respectable, and before the cold came they had always appeared to manage fairly well. Then they had begun to pawn their furniture, The Salvation Army girls had tried to help them, but had been refused admittance. And now the two old sisters were dying of starvation.

What happened after the first scene I witnessed in that garret I do not remember, though I know the women had permanent help given to them. But one moment stands out clearly from the next half-hour and that is when the two girl soldiers, with faces pale with emotion, knelt on the icy floor close to the egg-box, their warm arms round the skeleton shoulders of the cowering women, who seemed still stunned and incapable of grasping what had happened. The flicker of the newly-lit fire lit up the deadly gloom, and the voice of one of the girls rose in an agony of pity as she prayed, "Oh, Lord, look down upon them in their weakness, and help them, and send, oh, send the thaw."

A TOUCHING STORY.

A week or two before Christmas, many years later, I went with two Officers of the Army across Blackfriars Bridge into the back kstreets of Southwark and the Borough to visit some old people. Both the girls were apparently of the working classes—quiet, respectable and perhaps just a little shy. They had not much to say, but they answered every question with thoughtful intelligence. After a while they became a little more expansive, and spoke of the poverty of the district, and of the scarcity of work for those who could only do unskilled labor, and of the loneliness of the old people and invalids. But they drew no sensational pictures; they gave me facts without comments. Wherever we went, men and women gave them friendly looks and nods, and it was interesting to contrast the present with the past, when the girl Officers, for all their courage, had flitted furtively from house to house, never sure that the next

[Continued on Page 15.]

OUR NEW SERIAL.

BREWERY BROWN—

Ex-Pugilist and Boozer

[Editor's Note.—This is a story of of most remarkable interest, and a magnificent example of what the grace of God can accomplish.]

CHAPTER I.

FLINT COURT—READING.

PLEASANTLY situated on slightly elevated ground near the junction of the little River Kennet with Father Thames, lies Reading, the county town of Berkshire, England. It is a well-built town, with wide and regular streets and extensive suburbs, and can boast of a population of about 50,000. Being the centre of a large agricultural district, a good trade in corn and other farm products is carried on. It is also a manufacturing centre, Huntley and Palmer's famous biscuit works alone giving employment to over 3,000 people, while in addition to this there are iron foundries and engine works.

The history of Reading goes back a long way, for it was already a town of importance in the year 871 A.D., when the Danes invaded England and made the town for some time their headquarters. They were routed out of it by Alfred the Great, but in 1006 they returned under the leadership of their great King Sweyn and managed to burn Reading to the ground. When William the Conqueror took possession of England the town had risen again, and was written down in the great Domesday Book as Radynges. King Henry I. signally honoured Reading in 1211 by erecting a splendid abbey there, the ruins of which can still be seen in the Forbury Gardens. When that monarch died they buried his remains within the sacred precincts of the Abbey he had founded, and his tomb is still pointed out as an object of interest. During the Civil War, which distracted England in the 17th century, Reading was often the scene of conflict, and was several times occupied by the rival armies. Since then no rude alarms of war have disturbed the serenity of the citizens, and the town has made steady progress, both in dimensions and in the prosperity of its inhabitants.

But, in common with other large towns in the United Kingdom Reading had, prior to 1870 at any rate, a sore spot in the shape of a very bad slum district. This is an evil which is threatening our rapidly growing Canadian cities also, and it is to be hoped that it will be effectively checked before it grows to large dimensions. Slums are a disgrace to any city, and are invariably the haunts of thieves and bad characters. It is to the interests of the community therefore that they be abolished if already in existence, or prevented from taking root in a city if they have not yet appeared. Generally speaking, a slum may be described as a collection of ill-built, unsanitary hovels, very much overcrowded with tenants, usually the worst element of the population.

"Folding his arms across her kn ees, he looked up into her face and said: 'Muvver, I've heard b oys talk about things they got on their birthdays, but why is it t hat we don't have any? Who sends 'em to the other boys and girls?"

Flint Court, Reading, was a typical slum district of this sort. Forty or more small houses, each consisting of only two rooms and an attic, were ranged around a large open space, which could only be reached from the main street by traversing a number of narrow, dirty, and winding lanes.

No one going down Castle street, as one of the main thoroughfares of Reading is named, would have imagined that the imposing rows of shops and houses that met their gaze, hid from view such a place as Flint Court. Probably not even the Mayor, or one of his six Aldermen or eighteen Councillors ever dreamt that such a place existed in their prosperous little town. The landlords who let these "desirable houses" at extortionate rents to any of their unfortunate fellow beings who were forced to seek a shelter in such places never showed their faces in Flint Court. They did not dare to, fearing the violence of the desperate characters who lived there. If the rent got too far in arrears a bailiff was sent to evict the debtors. More often than not the latter refused to leave, knowing well that there was no other shelter obtainable. If the landlord was particularly anxious to be rid of his undesirable tenants, the only course open to him then was to send a gang of men to remove the doors and windows, and sometimes to take off the roof. This wholesale letting in of daylight would effectually drive the poor folks out, for not even a slummer likes to live in a place where the wind howls constantly around one's ears and the dews and rains of heaven continually descend on them. It was then a case of taking to the road or going into the workhouse. They generally chose the former course.

It was amid such surroundings as these and amid such company that the present Envoy "Brewery" Brown passed his early years. The story of his remarkable life, begun under such inauspicious circumstances, and of his still more remarkable conversion, would furnish another striking chapter to the record of Twice-Born Men. Among the earliest recollections of "Brewery" Brown, or Arthur as we shall henceforward call him, that being his first Christian name, is that of his sixth birthday. Imagine, if you can, that you are in Flint Court. In one of the forty or so houses surrounding you live the Brown family, consisting of father and mother and eight children. Drink has brought them there.

Up in the attic, on this particular morning, August 26th to be exact, little Arthur Brown lies gazing at the roof, or what there is of it. Stone-throwing propensities on the part of the urchins of the court had played sad havoc with the roofs of most of the houses around, and large holes in the tiles were the result of their mischief. But Arthur had long got past caring for such trifles as holes in the roof. If he noticed them at all on this bright summer morning it only served to give him one more reason for being discontented with his lot. Yes, Arthur was discontented that morning. Young as he was he had begun to think of the great disparities in the state of the rich and the poor. Why should some children have good beds to sleep in, plenty of food to eat, warm clothes to wear, and whole roofs over their heads when other children were forced to rough it, as he was. Moreover, and this was the thought that worried him most, why should some favoured children get nice presents on their birthdays and others have to go without? It was now his sixth birthday, and never in all his life had he ever received a present from anyone. Birthdays were not observed in the Brown family. With such thoughts filling his mind, he arose from the corner where he had slept every night for over three years, resolved to ask his mother a few questions when he got downstairs.

He had no bedclothes to throw aside, neither had he to dress himself—he was already fully dressed, apart from a little ragged jacket which nightly formed a pillow. There were no beds for mother to make each morning, for Arthur and his brothers and sisters rested their little bodies on bags of "flyers" (husks from corn stalks), and the bags only needed to be reversed, and the bed was made for the next night. The children often found themselves on the bare boards when they awoke in the morning, for bedsteads were unknown in their home.

Pitter-patter down the old stairs went Arthur's bare feet. To his joy he found his mother alone. Folding his arms across her knees, he looked up into her face and said: "Muvver, I've heard boys talk about things they got on their birthdays, but why is it that we don't have any? Who sends 'em to the other boys and girls?"

Poor Mrs. Brown was heart-broken, but she managed to hide her feelings until little Arthur with all the innocent curiosity of a child, said: "Muvver, the boys and girls that goes to school have nice shoes and nice clothes and white collars. Why don't you send me to school and dress me like the other children?"

Then Mrs. Brown could not face her son, and as she turned away, answered: "I will some day, my boy."

Arthur thought he heard stifled sobs. Half fearing that he had done something wrong, he ventured one more query: "What does father do, mother?"

Several choking sobs but no words fell upon the little fellow's ears, and he said no more, but began to search for something for breakfast. Finding nothing—not even a crust of bread—he started out on a round of some of the streets in the shopping centre, where perchance he would pick up a few pieces of over-ripe or broken fruit, some trimmings of meat, possibly a cabbage leaf or two—to make a meal for eight children and a mother! And this was almost always a daily duty of Arthur's. Sometimes he would hunt for hours and find but little of such waste; other times, nil. It was a poor lookout for the family at such times. On more than one occasion scarcely a mouthful of food passed their lips during a whole day. Mrs. Brown went out to work whenever possible, generally receiving the magnificent sum of one shilling (or 24 cents) for her day's labour. Sometimes her employers would give her a few bits of dry bread and stale cake, and then Arthur and his brothers and sisters would have a feast. Very often in the hope of getting one, and in order to be out of the way of their drunken father, the children would remain on the street till their mother returned home—occasionally at midnight.

"Daddy" Brown tried to be kind to his little ones when he was sober; but as he was so very rarely in that condition they had little of his thought and much less of his kindness and love. That he did work sometimes Arthur, at least, knew; but what "Daddy" did apart from lounging around the saloons, getting beastly drunk, and then rolling about the poverty-stricken little home, the boy was for a long time in ignorance. But one day he found out.

(To be continued.)

THE WORLD AND ITS WAYS

Unique Gift.

A homesteader of Alberta is reported to be spending the long winter evenings in preparing a unique gift for the Duke of Connaught. He has selected a particularly large, perfect grain of wheat, and is engaged in inscribing upon it, in letters so small that only a powerful miscroscope could make it readable, a prayer of 390 words.

The only other known instance of such difficult and painstaking work is that of the champion prayer of 380 Hebrew letters upon a grain of wheat for Sir Moses Montefiore.

The War in Tripoli.

The fighting in Tripoli still continues, and in spite of denial in Rome there is evidence that the Turks and Arabs are constantly harassing the Italians. The correspondent of the Daily Telegraph states that the Turks are receiving reinforcements, arms, and money from some source, and plenty of work is still cut out for Gen. Caneva's forcees.

During a recent attack on the Italians, a Marabout was observed preaching to the Arabs, who were pressing the Italians very closely. Both Arabs and Turks uttered frenzied shouts in the attack. This is the first time in the campaign that they have acted in this manner. These facts are significant in view of the report that a holy war has been declared. It is considered by several military men that the present phase is only the overture of a long and obstinate struggle.

King of Siam Crowned.

The coronation of the new King of Siam recently took place at Bangkok. Great Britain was represented by Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck. The ancient customs that characterize the coronation ceremonies of other countries were rigidly observed amid the picturesque temples with their gilded minarets, roofs of coloured tiles, and quaint pagodas which, apart from the palace itself, are from an architectural point of view one of the great features of the ancient seaport and capital.

The kingdom of Siam covers an area of about 200,000 square miles, and the population is estimated at 6 1-4 millions.

The Coronation ceremonies have set another milestone in the rapid march which Siam is making, and which has astonished the nations of the world. The Siamese have picked up the progressive ideas and inventions of the West with amazing speed, and, in common with other Oriental nations, are adopting all the best features of modern civilization.

Don't Do It.

Th following bits of advice to young men from a pastor are worth considering. He says:

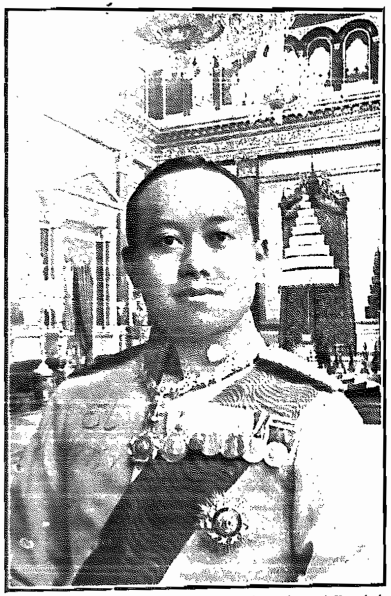
"Do not invest your nickel in a glass of beer, then afterward criticize the other fellow who has invested his nickel in a savings bank. Beer cheques and savings bank cheques to investments are not in the same class.

"Do not wrong a woman. Every woman is some mother's daughter. The white life you ask from your mother's daugrter you have no right to take from the daughter of another.

"Do not defile your tongue with profane and vulgar speech, revealing your ignoraoce and showing the coarseness in your soul.

Russia and Persia.

Although Persia has accepted Russia's ultimatum, many of its people have been massacred by Cossacks at Tabriz and Resht. We can well believe that the Persians are stupefied at these outrages. Though the reports from Russian and Persian sources are conflicting, it is cer-



The King of Siam in His Throne-room of the Palace at Bangkok. He succeeded to the throne on the death of his father, Chulalongkorn I., on October 23, 1910. His Majesty was educated in England, and has an extensive knowledge of British methods of administration and of European politics. He will celebrate his thirty-second birthday on Jan. 1.

tain that fighting has occurred, and that the situation is alarming. The Persians state that over 500 persons were massacred in cold blood. The Russians, on the other hand, insist that there was heavy fighting during which the Czar's forces lost heavily. One report says that the outbreak was due to the presence of a number of Russian outlaws who stirred up the people to resistance and rejoiced at the opportunity to strike a blow at their erstwhile masters.

It is deplorable that these things have occurred just when it was hoped that a friendly settlement had been arrived at. The task of straightening things out will now be made all the more difficult.

A Sun Power Plant.

After experimenting for ten years, an American inventor has perfected a "Sun machine," by which he is able to pump millions of gallons of water with energy derived from the sun's rays alone.

The sun-power plant in its present development consists of the absorber, a low-pressure steam-engine, condenser, and auxiliaries. The absorber is composed of a series of units, each containing a flat metal honeycomb water-vessel, rectangular in shape. This vessel is enclosed in a flat wooden box, which is covered with two layers of glass having a one-inch air space between them, and has its under side insulated against heat-loss downward by a two-inch layer of regranulated cork and two layers of waterproofed cardboard. The boxes are mounted on supports which raise them some thirty inches above the ground, and permit them to be inclined towards the sun in the meridian. These adjustments of the inclination need only to be made once in three weeks. Plane mirrors of cheap construction are mounted on two sides of the boxes in order that more rays of the sun may be absorbed and reflected upon the surface of the water-vessel, which is connected at one end to a feed-pipe from the woter-supply, and at the other end to a steam-pipe. The steam-pipes from the various units are connected together and empty into a main eight inches in diameter in the present plant, which conveys the steam to the engine. The engine is a new type, low-pressure, reciprocating steam engine of great steam economy. Connected with it is a condenser of ordinary type and auxiliaries such as may be found in any condensing plant. The water from the condenser is pumped back into the absorber, thus insuring a continuous closed circuit. The power of this plant is used for pumping water by means of a reciprocating steam-pump, and whenever the sun has shone since it was set up the plant has pumped water successfully. Its capacity in Philadelphia is 3,000 gallons of water per minute lifted to a height of 33 feet. Later, the plant is to be shipped to Egypt."

A New Gold Rush.

Fourteen years ago there was a great rush to the Klondyke for gold. This is now being repeated through the discovery of a new gold field at the heads of Sixty-Mile River, 130 miles from Dawson. Two hundred men with dog teams and prospecting outfits are racing there with all speed, many of them travelling day and night. It is said that some were wearing torn and ripped moccasins, worn nearly off in their haste to get a claim, and some went through three miles of snow water. The temperature was about zero, when the rush began, but has since dropped to forty below.

A Valuable Discovery.

A surgeon at a Philadelphia hospital has discovered that the white lining, or membrane, of egg shells can be used with success as a substitute for human skin in grafting operations. This will probably revolutionize the methods of treating burns and scalds.

Experiments have been made at the hospital for more than three months, and in every case the victims of burns have been benefited.

It has long been the custom in cases of serious burns to graft skin from a healthy person. In many cases it has been impossible to find persons willing to give their skkin and as a result the patients have died. If the new method is adopted in general practice it is believed many lives will be saved.

One for Prohibition.

A proof that prohibition is good for a State is furnished by some statistics from Oklahoma. During a period of nine months under license the number of arrests in 21 cities was 6,232. Then prohibition came into force, and for the next nine months the arrests only amounted to 2,083. It is to be hoped that prohibition will carry the day throughout Canada.

Band Chat.

The following is from the "Peterboro Evening Examiner."

"There was a very large attendance in The Salvation Army Temple last night, (December 12) when a most enjoyable program was given under the auspices of the Peterboro Temple Band. That organisation, under the direction of Bandmaster Pevyer, has reached a high standard of efficiency, and their splendid playing last night won new laurels for them. An interesting feature was the reproduction through the phonograph, of marches played by the Band. The Band numbers were interspersed with vocal and instrumental solos and recitations, and everything was greatly enjoyed."

The Band's Male Choir is doing well.

The Band has recently added to its well-equipped Band-room a large library cupboard and table, which adds to the good appearance of the room. We are going in strong for Christmas playing, and mean to go over Hamilton I.'s record of $400.00 of last year, so pull up, boys!—Band Correspondent T. H. Robinson.

—o—

What Canadian Band will be first to adopt the following idea? The Band mentioned is Bristol I. (England), and their example is certainly worth copying.

"The Band on Saturday night turned out for the first time in a complete set of Regulation overcoats, which attracted much attention," says the Bandsman, Songster and L. O. "It has long been regarded as a great pity that the Band's appearance—which in the summer months is smart and uniform—should be marred in winter by a collection of miscellaneous overcoats and mackintoshes of various colours, and consequently the new departure was voted by the Band and public alike as a very great improvement."

—o—

Evidently Berlin Band is in for big things. Only recently Captain Blaney passed on to Band Chat the rumour that before many months the Band would be appearing in new uniform, and now he writes saying that early in the New Year he is going to launch an effort to raise funds for a new set of instruments. Success to you, Captain!

—o—

Hamilton III. Band is becoming a fine musical organisation (writes Captain Beecroft), and is quite a help and blessing to the Corps. We have been reinforced by Brother Smith, who has taken up 1st baritone. An order has been placed with T. H. Q. for three new Class A Army make instruments.

A USEFUL ORGANIZATION.

Winnipeg III Band.—A Short Sketch.

So much is said and written about Winnipeg I. Band (writes our correspondent) that few people know that in the west end of the city of Winnipeg we have a Band of eighteen players who dispense sweet music to that neighbourhood, cheer up the inmates of the General Hospital, and who can be relied upon to provide a bright and helpful musical evening at any time. This winter already, at three such meetings, nearly $150 has been raised. The Band is entirely free of debt, each Bandsman has a new uniform tunic, and with the number of young men in the Band and the Juniors, its future is assured.

Sunday is the best time to hear them, for then one learns the depth of the Band's spirituality. Seven of them have each done over 20 years' service. Space prevents mention of each one, but we cannot finish without a reference to our late Bandmaster, Rudd. He, some five years ago, thought Winnipeg III. ought to have a Band. He put his thoughts into action, and after much hard work and much sacrifice, lives to see the desire of his heart—a good Band. Bandmaster Rudd was a great help, and we regret his farewell. Band-Sergeant Holgate has done 27 years' service.

Winnipeg III. Band.

Back Row (left to right)—Band-Sergeant Holgate, Bandsmen Paul, Styles, Cousins, Robson, Cracknell, and Drummer Hatch. Middle Row—Bandsman Krawl, Bandmaster Alderman, Captain Bell, Captain Harris, Bandmaster Rudd. Front Row.—Bandsman Cracknell, Band Secretary Luff, Bandsmen Allan, Roberts, and Yettman.

CHILDREN LEAD THE WAY.

Splendid Cases of Conversion During Major Simco's Campaign at Sherbrooke.

From the very first meeting of Major Simco's campaign at **Sherbrooke** till the close, saints were blessed, backsliders restored, and sinners saved. In two instances husband and wife knelt at the mercy-seat. In one instance the little daughter thirteen years old coming to Jesus first, and thereby leading the way. At the children's service some fourteen children came forward, and one little boy went home so full of joy to tell his parents what Jesus had done for him, that his mother came to Jesus, and the father is now under deep conviction.

Whole families have been blessed, and in one case the mother's restoration one night led to two grown-up children seeking salvation a few days afterwards. A brother who had done good service in the S. A. across the border, but who had lost heart and backslidden since the death of wife and child, took up his cross again. He said that it meant restitution, but he was prepared to make it.

Several comrades, who for some time had withdrawn from active service, have renewed their covenant with God and taken up their cross.

The open-air opportunities here are great, and large crowds of French people gathered around to hear the Major speak in their own language.

Adjutant and Mrs. Rock, who are having a long stay at the Corps, are pushing the war, and bright prospects have appeared as a result of the opening of the new hall.

Some forty or fifty persons have knelt at Jesus' feet during the last fourteen days, either for consecration, salvation, or cleansing. It has been the writer's privilege to assist the Major during this campaign.

The closing meetings of the campaign were full of interest and blessing. The last Sunday Holiness meeting was attended by a record crowd. A sister sought the blessing of a clean heart, and at night the daughter of [illegible] whose own spiritual life had been quickened, sought salvation. On Monday night those who had knelt at the mercy-seat were asked to come forward under the colours and be publicly enrolled as recruits of the Salvation Army. Ten boldly accepted the invitation, and after dedicating them to Jesus and the war, we pinned a piece of Army ribbon on each of them and sent them forth labelled for service. After this the Major lectured on the "Signs of the Times," and great was our joy at the close to see four persons who had attended night after night, and for whom much prayer had been offered, come out for salvation. We closed with many expressions of gratitude to God for the work accomplished, and long and loud expressions of "Come Again, Major."—Jessie Raven, Ensign.

ENROLLMENT AT COBALT.

Sunday, Dec. 12, was another revival day at Cobalt. In the afternoon an enrollment of soldiers took place. One of the comrades was a recruit for about two years, but at last felt that God had called him to become a soldier. The other was a young convert who has taken a brave stand for God and the Army. In the night meeting six souls knelt at the mercy-seat, including a poor backslider. The meeting closed with a hallelujah march around the Hall.—Colour-Sergeant.

FAREWELL TO B. C.

Major and Mrs. Morris say Good-Bye.

The Vancouver I. Citadel was packed to its utmost capacity on the night of Major and Mrs. Morris' farewell. People from every walk of life were there, also those who had, during the past four years, come directly under the influence of the Major. It was a wonderful audience, and a wonderful sight.

Officers and Soldiers of Vancouver I. and II., North Vancouver and New Westminster had gathered around the banquet table, in the early part of the evening, to participate in a supper prepared in appreciation of their leader.

At the public meeting, the programme was placed in the hands of Major Geo. L. Phillips, chief Social Officer for British Columbia. He was equal to the occasion, as were the other speakers. Adjutant Blackburn spoke on behalf of the Indian Work of British Columbia and Alaska, Captain Tutte for the financial, Captains Best, Roe, Nelson, Magwood and McLean, Lieut. Reid and a large number of Local Officers paid glowing tributes to the management that had laid a good foundation for future work of the Salvation Army in British Columbia. Mrs. Frank Morris was the next speaker and her kind words made a profound impression. The Major's final charge will long be remembered.

Then unitedly we sang, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."—W. D. B.

REVIVAL FIRE SPREADING.

Moose Jaw's Forty-one Surrenders—Converts Victory—An Enrollment.

The week, ending Sunday, Dec. 10th, resulted in 31 souls giving themselves to God at Moose Jaw.

Tuesday's meeting closed with three souls at the Cross. A further three came out at the soldier's meeting on Wednesday. Thursday, and Saturday meetings resulted in six more surrenders.

On Sunday afternoon an enrollment of three recruits took place. The ceremony impressed the audience in the City Hall, in which some of our meetings are being held, our own Citadel being too small.

The open-air meetings have been divided into two Brigades, each being largely supported.

The evening meeting was attended by a record crowd. The soul-saving results for the day were 19 souls.

Ten more souls have knelt at the mercy-seat this week.

One of the recent converts said on Sunday morning that while he was preparing for the open-air meeting, the devil tempted him to stay away and not make a fool of himself," but our convert was determined with God's help to take his stand, so he went to the open-air and gained the victory.

In the afternoon Brother and Sister Young's little son was dedicated.

A serious fire took place at the Robin Hood Flour Mills on Friday last. One of the injured taken to the hospital sent for Ensign Johnstone on Sunday afternoon to pray with him.

"Ten souls knelt at the mercy seat at Prince Albert for salvation and sanctification during the last eight days of November," writes Jail-Sergeant W. Wilson.

SOUL REST.

WHAT IT IMPLIES, AND HOW IT MAY BE OBTAINED.

WHEN all our powers are harmonized, each with each, and all with God, the soul enters upon a condition of undisturbed rest which is beyond the reach of doubt and fear. Among the many characteristics of the spirit-filled life there is none more marked than this feeling of rest which is developed in our personal consciousness. We sing of rest beyond the river, but we must not transport to the other shore the things which God hath prepared for those who love Him on this side the river. "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." These words are often quoted as though they had reference to the heavenly world. "But," says the Apostle, "God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit," indicating clearly that the believer's heaven on earth is meant, not some experience beyond the grave. "We which have believed do enter into rest." This rest is described in the Epistle to the Hebrews as "God's rest" (Heb. iii. 11), "My rest," (Heb. iv.: 1), "His rest," "Christ's rest" (Heb. iv. 10), "a Sabbath rest" (Heb. iv.: 1, 9). In the same Epistle we are taught that:

1.—Soul rest implies cessation from our own works.

"For he that hath entered into his rest, he also hath ceased from his own works as God did from His" (Heb. iv. 10). Cessation from our own works does not mean ceasing from all kinds of work, for that is not true of saints either on earth or in heaven. We have no reason to believe that any saint or angel, or even God Himself, is ever inactive. He who enjoys soul rest is brought so intimately into sympathy with the Saviour that he is all aflame with zeal, ever hastening with quickened footsteps towards sinners dying in their sins around him. It is as a widely-known preacher quaintly expressed it, "I enjoy that rest of faith that keeps me in perpetual motion." We are to cease to perform works with any such design as that of thereby saving our souls. Just so long as that constitutes the supreme object of our works, we are doing "our own works." But when the question of our soul's salvation is thrown entirely on Christ, and our works are performed out of love to God, they are not our works, but Christ's works—the result of His working in us to will and to do of His good pleasure. In one sense they are our works, because they are done by our own voluntary agency, but Christ is the moving cause of all that we do. True faith works love, and love does all for Christ. Faith in the great Atonement is the only basis of acceptance with God, apart from anything we can do. Faith sees salvation secured in Christ and ceases from compensative works, which by many are vainly wrought as a sort of offset against Divine forgiveness. As God did not rest until He had finished His creative works, so the Christian cannot rest until he ceases altogether from his legal works, and casts himself entirely upon the Saviour for salvation. Says Dr. Finney, "The truly believing soul rests from its works. It sees salvation secured in Jesus Christ, and has no longer any motive for legal works. It works not from self nor for self; but its works are from Christ and for Christ."

In like manner we cease from our own efforts to live the Christian life. Many Christians live a life of resolution, instead of a life of faith in the Son of God. Those who trust to their own strength of purpose always find failure the result. The Gospel scheme is not fixing our will like flint, resolved to conquer or die. It is to commit the keeping of the soul wholly to Christ, and to cease from our own efforts. When we understand that it is not self-control, but Christ-control, we learn the secret of victory. The attitude of the believing soul is that of Peter's when he first stepped from the ship upon the waters of the sea, "Looking unto Jesus." Philosophy says, "Keep your eye upon your enemies"; but the Gospel says, "Eye Jesus only." Weakness results from a constant survey of the difficulties and temptations which beset us. Power comes when the eye turns towards the angel Jehovah. Christ is our "I am" for every "I need" of the soul. He is the storehouse, and, as need arises, we must go to Him. He supplies need as it comes, but not until it does come, and as we draw upon Him "Human nature wants more—wants to feel its wealth, to finger its coin; but is it not better to leave it in the bank, and go there for it as often, and in as large sums, as we like?" Such is the life of faith—having all in Christ, and receiving all from Christ.

Self-endeavour is the great danger. This, rather than ambition, should be styled, "the last infirmity of noble minds." First the sinner goes about to establish his own righteousness, and even when that has proved to be a dead failure, he will be found striving to be his own sanctifier. Some write out their vows and put them into their Bible as reminders of their solemn engagements with God. Others decide that they will give more attention to closet prayer, attend all means of grace, visit the sick, and be more watchful against sin. Thus many sincere souls spend years in earnest struggling, substituting a renewed covenant, when failure disappoints them, for faith in the all-sufficient Saviour. Christ is offered to us in the Gospel as our Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and Redemption; and just so far as we make effort to dispense with Him in any of these particulars, we set aside the Gospel and seek salvation by the works of the law.

We have heard a lady tell how, when she was newly married, because she had not had much domestic experience, everything in the home seemed to go wrong. She did her best, but such difficulties arose that she was almost in a state of despair. One day she was so much discouraged that she sat down and wept. She was aroused by a knocking at the door, and found a telegraph boy with a telegram announcing that her mother was coming, and immediately her care was gone. "When mother arrived,' she said, "I had no more anxiety, what I could not do mother could, and when she was with me I rested." What that mother was to her daughter Christ wants to be to us. If only we could learn to meet every call, difficulty, temptation and trial, not saying, as many do, "I shall never be able to go through it," but saying "I cannot, but Christ can, and He is with me." We should be able then to sing with ever-increasing depth of meaning,

"Jesus, I am resting, resting
In the joy of what Thou art."

—From "New Testament Holiness."

(To be continued.)

AFTER TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS

Lippincott's Aniversary Conducted by Lt.-Col. Chandler

For more than a quarter of a century Lippincott Street Corps has been a land-mark of Toronto. Officers who were trained in the garrison when it was located in the Citadel building are to-day waging salvation warfare in all parts of the Dominion. It therefore would seem only natural that great interest was manifested in the anniversary week-end meetings (December 9 and 10.)

On Saturday night, the Band gave an old-time musical meeting. The programme was full of variety and interest.

Lieut.-Colonel Chandler led all the meetings of Sunday. In the afternoon, some of the veterans gave reminiscences of early day warfare, and the Colonel gave an instructive address. At night, when the Hall was well filled, and the Colonel was at his best, six souls surrendered.

On Wednesday, a Soldiers' tea was held. About eighty sat down to the tables which were supervised by Mrs. Staff-Captain Fraser. The new D. C. was unable to preside, but Lieut.-Colonel Rees made a splendid substitute. Mrs. Rees, Mrs. Brigadier Burditt, and a number of other Officers were also present. The Colonel gave a stirring address on the true Soldier's spirit, and several Officers were called upon to speak. Mrs. Brigadier Burditt was welcomed as a Soldier of the Corps.

Mayor Geary, in replying to a letter of thanks which the Commissioner directed to be sent to His Worship for so ably presiding over the opening ceremonies of the Lisgar St. Citadel, Toronto, says: "It is always a pleasure to do anything I can to further the interests of the Army, and you may depend upon it that this will be my continued attitude towards what is undoubtedly one of the greatest Christianising organizations of modern times."

Mrs. Staff-Captain White, we are happy to say, has been able to leave the hospital, and is now at home. Her condition is very much improved, and everything points to her making a good recovery, a fact which the doctors regard as a miracle. The Staff-Captain himself attributes this change for the better largely to the continued prayers of Officers and comrades, to whom he would most heartily express thanks.

We sympathize whole-heartedly with Captain and Mrs. Ruston of Brockville, who have now lost by death their other twin baby. The first, it will be remembered, died a few months ago. Pray for our comrades in their sorrow.

GAZETTE.

Promotions:

Lieut. William J. Bryant to be Captain.

DAVID M. REES, Commissioner.

WAR CRY

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THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK.

This issue contains the announcement that Brigadier Hargrave, the recently appointed Young People's Secretary, will shortly pay a visit to England in order that he may make a study of the Young People's work in the Old Country. The Brigadier with commendable enthusiasm has stated his intention of making the very most of the opportunity thus afforded him of getting into touch with the most approved and resultful methods for conducting work amongst young people. There is no doubt whatever but that the Brigadier will bring considerable intelligence and devotion to bear up his study of the matter, and there is equally little doubt but that the system tried and proved in England will be an excellent basis for our children's work in Canada. We shall have then a well equipped Secretary, and a practicable plan. But we may have this and then fail, unless to this work is given the whole-hearted co-operation of the Field Officers.

We therefore appeal to our Officers to make a special feature of the work amongst the children. All experience goes to show that there is no more productive work in the long run than the work amongst children. It is true that the yield to the Field Officer is not immediate as is the case when an adult gets converted at the mercy-seat, but it is equally sure, and the production in proportion to the amount of labour expended is perhaps greater than in any other department of Salvation work. This being the case, let every Corps Officer and J. S. Sergt.-Major make the most of the opportunities that are now to hand, and utilize the present system to the full. Do not wait for the Brigadier's return from his study of the work in England before taking up the work in earnest here, but do your best with it right now from this first week in the New Year. Let 1912 be remarkable for the enterprise and energy expended in the work amongst the children, and it will be a good year for The Army.

GREETINGS
. . FROM . .
THE COMMISSIONER

To the Local Officers, Soldiers, and Friends of The Salvation Army:

MY DEAR COMRADES,—In this, the first War Cry to be published in the New Year of 1912, I should like to extend to you a few words of seasonable greeting. Permit me, then, to wish you and and your loved ones a most happy and prosperous New Year; may every blessing that our Heavenly Father sees will be for your good descend upon you in abundant measure. We have all of us, I am sure, much reason for expressing a note of thankfulness to Almighty God for personal blessings conferred upon us during the past year, and especially is this so concerning The Army as a whole. God has been very good to us, and has given us substantial marks of His favour. Let us thank Him for it.

I feel also, Dear Comrades all, that it is my duty to express a note of thankfulness to you for your loyal and whole-hearted co-operation. Your willing service has given me the greatest joy during the time it has been my great privilege, under God, to lead you on; and from the depths of my heart I thank you all. This feeling of grateful thanks is shared to the full by my dear wife; for, although bodily weakness prevents Mrs. Rees from sharing my public labours, in spirit she is absolutely one with me in my endeavours and aspirations for the advancement of the Kingdom of Christ. Up to the present the open winter and fall have been very favourable for the prosecution of our work, and now that the rearrangement of the Divisional Commanders has been completed, and we have the prospect of a continuance of the mild weather, let us all be very much alive to the fact that we have three or four months before us for direct spiritual work.

Our Local Officers, and Salvationists generally, are exalted to Heaven by privileges for soul-saving work—let us rise to our privileges. I am aware that in a country like this—where so many of our comrades are fitting themselves to their new circumstances—that there are many legitimate reasons for absenting oneself from the meetings and spending the time about our homes, or bettering our conditions in other ways; but do not, Dear Comrade, for a moment forget the claims that God has upon you. Give Him a portion of your time by attending a number of the week-night services as well as on Sundays, and doing all that you can by testimony, faith, and prayer while at the meetings to win souls for our Lord and King.

There are, however, two things that I should like you to give attention to, and they are as follows:

First. Look after your own souls. Give yourselves a little time for self examination; do not let the affairs of this life so occupy you that you neglect your soul's welfare. There is a great temptation to do this, I know; but remember the promise if we seek first the Kingdom of Heaven.

Then secondly, there is the Salvation of our friends and neighbours—those with whom the circumstances of life bring us into contact. We must, as the disciples of Christ, feel a personal responsibility for them. There is no doubt that to many of them we are placed in the position of watchmen; it is our duty to warn them to flee from the wrath that is to come, and if we do not then their blood will be required at our hands. The notorious sinners of the community in which we live, the backsliders who attend the meetings with an aching void in their hearts that the world can never fill; the young people who are growing up in our midst and getting into closer contact with the temptations, allurements of the world, and the responsibilities of life. These classes and others cry loudly to us to work on their behalf, and on their account I appeal to you, Dear Comrades, to spend the ensuing months of this New Year in unceasing prayer, faith, and endeavour to win them for Christ. At the shop, in the street, or the home, or wherever you may meet them, for the sake of Him Who laid aside His Glory, and took upon Himself the form of a servant, I implore you to put forth every effort to save sinners. Then you will, indeed, have a holy, happy, and successful New Year,

Yours in His Service,

DAVID M. REES, Commissioner.

PERSONALITIES.

We understand that Commissioner Howard, the Foreign Secretary, will, at the end of [illegible]ary, be visiting Toronto. [illegible] moment it is not decided [illegible] the Commissioner will [illegible] public meetings or not, but [illegible] does he may rest assured [illegible] hearty welcome on the part [illegible] Toronto comrades, who ha[ve not] yet forgotten the blessed [meet]ings conducted at the [illegible] for 1908.

✣

The Field Secretary, [Lieut.-]Colonel Pugmire, and Mrs. [Pug]mire celebrate their silver [wed]ding on January 8th. All [illegible] to them for their many [illegible] faithful and devoted service.

✣

Lieut.-Colonel Turner and [illegible] Miller will shortly com[mence] an inspection of Army [pro]perties at Sarnia, Petrolia and [In]gersoll.

✣

Major Simco, an old and [illegible] comrade, has been appointed [to] take charge of Lisgar St. C[orps]. With the opening of the [illegible] Citadel, and the great opportuni[ties] presented to the Army [in] that district, it was thought [ad]visable to take advantage of [illegible] some by the appointment of an [Of]ficer of the Major's experi[ence] and service. When the Com[mis]sioner made this known to [the] Major, in her usual brave [and] ready spirit she heartily [ac]quiesced. The Major will be [as]sisted by Ensign Haven. [The] Major will go into her new [ap]pointment on Thursday, Jan. [illegible]

In this connection we sh[ould] like to place on record our [illegible] appreciation of the important [and] splendid work done by the [illegible] during the last two or three [years] in conducting spiritual [cam]paigns in different parts of [the] Territory. This entailed no [small] sacrifice on the part of the M[ajor] in being away from home [and] her only son for long seasons [to]gether.

A large number of friends [and] comrades which the Major [has] all over the Dominion will [be] especially interested in this [im]portant appointment, and [will] pray that she may have a mi[ght]ily successful time. She takes [up] this important appointment [with] the fullest confidence of [her] leaders.

✣

Brigadier Hargrave, the new [Y.] P. Secretary, was given a r[ight] royal welcome to Toronto by [the] Juniors and Young People of [the] Temple Corps on Sunday af[ter]noon, Dec. 24th, in the [illegible] auditorium. During the meet[ing] the Brigadier presented to Lt.[-Col.] Pugmire the vellum certific[ate] of the Royal Life-saving Soc[iety] which was awarded him for [his] courage in saving life during [the] summer.

The Brigadier, so we are [in]formed, will very shortly be g[oing] to England, in order that he [may] have an insight of the work[ing] and direction of Y. P. affairs [over] there, and that he may, for [sev]eral weeks, study the latest [me]thods for advancing the Ju[nior] War.

✣

Mrs. Major Findlay and S[taff-]Captain McNamara, who, as [an]nounced last week, are going [to] England, sail on the "Grampi[an]" on January 6th. The first [con]ducted party of domestics [will] leave the Old Land on Feb. [illegible] on the "Empress of Ireland," [illegible] Brigadier Burditt inform[s] [illegible]

Brigadier Potter, the Financial Secretary, is visiting Hamilton II. on Jan. 6th and 7th.

✣

Ensign and Mrs. Robinson, of the Subscribers' Department, Montreal, welcomed a little daughter to their quarters on Dec. 22nd. A timely Christmas box!

✣

Adjutant and Mrs. Cornish of Lisgar St. have been granted a furlough, the Adjutant at present being unable to perform his duties in connection with the Corps, owing to the effects of his long illness.

✣

Mrs. Adjutant Baird has been transferred to the United States Field, and has been appointed to the command of Newark II. Corps. Mrs. Baird writes that she is very happy in her new sphere, and is hopeful for the future.

THE New Zealand Command
TO BECOME AN INDEPENDENT TERRITORY.

IMPORTANT STATEMENT BY COMMISSIONER HAY.

The latest Australian War Cry to hand contains the following important pronouncement by Commissioner Hay, the Territorial Commander of the United Territories of Australia and New Zealand:

"Prior to my appointment as Commissioner for the United Territory of Australia and New Zealand, The General gave his most careful consideration to the question of more effective oversight of the Army throughout New Zealand. Certain affairs, requiring more mature consideration and adjustment, that could not be made at the time deferred the question of any alteration being made.

"During recent years the stride of the Army's operation in New Zealand and the Commonwealth has greatly increased, in consequence of which both countries require a closer oversight and more attention of the Territorial Commander.

"The General has therefore decided to appoint at an early date next year a Territorial Commander, who will be directly responsible for all our operations in the Dominion.

"I highly approve of this decision, and feel confident it must bring an increased blessing and help in every direction.

"The arrangement by which New Zealand and Australia have been a United Territory for the purpose of Salvation Army administration has, doubtless, had great many advantages, and [the]re are those who can enumer[ate] the mutual assistance and [illegible]ing arising from the present [for]m of control. Nevertheless, [how]ever good this may have been [at] the present time, it cannot [be stretch]ed to meet the need of the [im]mediate future; hence this wise decision of The General.

"Meanwhile, it is my great pleasure to announce that there is every expectation that Commissioner Howard, the Foreign Secretary from London, will in all probability conduct the inauguration meetings of the New Territorial Commissioner — the actual date will be shortly made [illegible]

A Christmas Day Service conducted by
The Commissioner
at THE TEMPLE.

ON Christmas morning a good congregation gathered in the Temple to take part in a special service conducted by the Commissioner, assisted by the Chief Secretary and T. H. Q. staff. Special Christmas music and singing was a feature of the service. The Cadets' Band supplied the former and did very well indeed. Two quartettes, one composed of girl Cadets and the other of lad Cadets, sang with good effect. An appropriate Scripture lesson was read by Lieut.-Colonel Chandler, and Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire soloed. In his address the Commissioner brought before the minds of the people the scenes that transpired in Bethlehem twenty centuries ago, and endeavoured to implant the main lesson that Christ came to save His people from their sins. The Chief Secretary then requested all present to join in singing a song of consecration, after which he offered a fervent prayer for blessing on all, and pronounced the benediction.

It was a most enjoyable service, and a very fitting beginning for a merry Christmas day. A gentleman who was in the service sent up to the Commissioner a donation of nineteen dollars for the supplying of Christmas dinners to the poor. The gentleman did not give his name, but if this should meet his eye, will he in this way accept the Army's best thanks on behalf of the poor he helped.

Baskets for the Poor.

WHAT THE S. A. DID IN TORONTO THIS CHRISTMAS.

AT Christmastide The Salvation Army gave 542 baskets of provisions away to poor families in Toronto. This bare fact, however, cannot convey to our readers any adequate idea of the good work done. The significance of the figure only dawns on us when we go behind the scenes, as it were, and see for ourselves the poverty stricken homes, the sick parents or children, and other causes that have led so many to apply for help at this season of the year. Misfortune seems to be the primary cause why people in this prosperous city are forced to accept a few provisions to help their Christmas appear less joyless. Accidents will happen, sickness will come, and then it is a long time before the husband and father can gain strength to again resume his daily toil. Meanwhile the small savings have disappeared, and the family is reduced to want. Very welcome therefore is the gift of a generous basketful of good cheer. It helps to chase dull care away, and brings a little taste of Christmas joy into the otherwise cheerless home. In each of the 542 baskets was the following: A large piece of beef, potatoes, tea, sugar, bread, rice, pudding, biscuits, fruit, and candy, also a Christmas War Cry. Great care was taken that this charity should not be indiscriminate, and full enquiries were made by our Officers into the needs of each family before a basket was sent out. The following extracts from letters received reveal something of the state of affairs in many homes. The attention of our Officers was called to many cases by neighbours or friends, the people themselves not caring to ask for help. Here is a typical letter:

"Dear Brother,—I know you help the who need it and are worthy. In my travels the other day I was told about a woman who is really a worthy woman. She is a widow with three little boys, ages 11, 9, and 7. She had her furniture in storage for three years, and had just taken it out when she got laid off work. She is trying to get her home together again, but I know she has not a cent to spend on food this Christmas. Please help her."

Here is another:

"I thought I would write and see if you could look into a couple of cases that are in very hard circumstances and have hardly any food at present. The husbands are out of work, and one has been laid up with a broken leg since May. They have three small children."

Another writes thus:

"I wish you would see to a very poor case. The husband and father of a large family has been in bed for nearly four years. They also have a little cripple child, and hardly anything to live on. Do please see to them, for they need help very badly."

A poor woman pleads her own needs as follows:

"Could you be so kind as to send me a Christmas dinner, as I am in pretty poor circumstances. I have three children to look after, and the eldest is not able to work. It is the first time I have asked for anything, and I would not now if I could really do without."

And so we could go on quoting from letter after letter, showing that those who get these Christmas baskets stand in real need of them.

In addition to the Christmas basket distribution, a Christmas treat was provided for over a thousand poor children. They gathered at various centres and enjoyed a good dinner of beef, vegetables, pudding, cake, and tea. On leaving, each child was given a bag of fruit and candy.

Xmas Cheer in United States.

Three Hundred and Fifty Thousand Dinners—Commander Eva Booth at Distribution.

(By wire.)

America's greatest Christmas feast was celebrated in six hundred cities and towns. Approximately 350,000 were fed. Toys were distributed to 50,000 children by the Commander, who personally directed the distribution in New York. Commissioner Estill was in charge in Chicago. In New York, the ninth regiment Armouries was loaned by the State for the use of the charities. Commissioner Drummond in a speech commended the work of The Salvation Army. Several thousand ticket-holders filed by on the platform, receiving baskets from the Commander's hand. Every grade of poverty and deprivation was represented. It was a long line of misery. Many pathetic scenes were enacted. The poor were lavish in their expression of thanks. A large company of visitors of influence wept at spectacle. Toys given to 4,000 children in the afternoon. Bishop Darlington, Episcopal Church, was present. The Chief Secretary and the National Provincial staffs laboured all day. Arrangements were under the direction of Lt.-Colonel Parker, and were nearly perfect.—Cox.

Christmas Relief at St. John, N.B.

THE EAST IS ALL RIGHT.

(By wire.)

The Christmas relief effort at St. John, N.B., has been decidedly successful, one hundred and seventy-four baskets having been distributed. Christmas cheer has also been given to prisoners, and the inmates of social institutions. The Citadel Band serenaded the city on Christmas Day, and received one hundred and one dollars for the Corps and Band Fund. The East is all right!

Major Taylor.

The news of the death in India of Dr. Elmore Harris was received with profound regret by the Salvationists of Toronto. Dr. Harris was a staunch friend of The Army, and more than once spoke from our platforms. He was a great admirer of the Army spirit, and many will remember his powerful words at the Massey Hall: "I thank God for the Army, because they still believe in the power of the Blood—the Blood of Jesus Christ." The last Army meeting the doctor took part in was that at the Temple in the early part of the year, when the Corps was under the command of Adjutant and Mrs. Kendall.

We tender our deepest sympathies and prayers to Mrs. Harris in her great loss.

✣

Brigadier Rawling has scored his first success as the new commander for the Montreal Division. The Christmas collecting and other associated efforts in the Metropolis have beaten all last year's records, and the Army has been able to greatly extend its relief operations. The Brigadier himself took his turn along with the rest of the Officers at collecting on the street. Well done, Brigadier!

What Are the Corps Doing? This Page Tells You

Salvation Triumphs all over the Territory.

More Revival Outbreaks—Forger Confesses and Gets Saved—Drunkards Reclaimed—Four Years of Silence Broken at the Penitent-Form.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

Band's Special Meetings.

Lieut.-Colonel Turner, assisted by Adjutant and Mrs. Gosling, led the meetings at **Riverdale** on Dec. 10. In the morning, Secretary Leggatt was welcomed back after a very serious illness, and expressions of sympathy were extended to Sister Mrs. Allen (late Songster-Leader), who has been bereaved of her little girl.

Adjutant Byers told of his first meeting with the Colonel, and in making the announcement, said that Toronto's new D. C.'s(Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Chandler), like the former ones, were going to be "Soldiers" at Riverdale. This news was received joyfully.. Mrs. Colonel Turner and Brigadier Potter assisted the visitors at night, when the Hall was crowded.

Bandsman Milne was responsible for last Saturday night's musical programme, over which Brigadier Potter presided. On Dec. 9th Brigadier Burditt was chairman. He secured for the new seat fund over $20. Bandsman Cairns arranged the programme.

VISIT OF ADJUTANT PRICE.

Makes Friends for The Army.

(From a local paper.)

Adjutant Price, of the Rescue Home, had a busy day at **Paris**, on Sunday December 3. In the morning she gave an address in the Baptist Church. In the afternoon fully four hundred were at the Presbyterian Church for the mass meeting for women. Mrs. John Jefferson was in the chair and Mrs. (Rev.) Kerruish was also on the platform and led in prayer. Adjutant Price proved herself a forceful speaker. Her address was a revelation as well as an education, and many warm friends were made before she was through speaking, in support of the Rescue Home. The collections of the day amounted to over $30.00. In the evening the Adjutant spoke in the S. A. Citadel.

MUSIC IN GERMAN TOWN.

Tre Hespeler Band and Officers visited **Berlin** recently. They gave us a good musical programme at the close of which a procession was formed, and headed by our own Band, escorted the visiting Comrades to the car station.

Our Band and Songsters were to the front this week-end. Large crowds were attracted to the Hall by their playing and singing. Two souls came forward for salvation. We have welcomed Brother and Sister Farley from Paris, Brother and Sister Brown from Essex (Bandmaster), and Brother Campbell and Sister Hunter from Kingston.

SMASHED WHISKEY BOTTLE.

On Sunday night at **Sydney Mines.** A man who went out of Saturday night's meeting under deep conviction came to the Hall and walked right from the door to the mercy-seat. He had previously smashed his bottle of whiskey and left pipe and tobacco outside.

The comrades who went to the outpost also report one soul at the ... be a good correspondent.

THEIR FIRST WEEK-END.

Brig. and Mrs. Rawling at Montreal I.

The first week-end visit of Brig. and Mrs. Rawling to **Montreal I.** was very enjoyable and most satisfactory.

At the 7 a.m. knee-drill on Sunday, two souls came to God, and at night four others surrendered.

Brigadier and Mrs. Rawling have had a good start, and (as he said Sunday night), now that farewells and welcomes are over, he hopes to settle down to some real soul-saving work in the Division. Whoever else rests on their oars, Mr. Editor, depend upon it that our new D.C. will not.

Major and Mrs. Hay, with Adjutant and Mrs. Thompson and a host of other Officers, supported the Brigadier and his wife on Sunday night, when the Citadel was crowded and a splendid feeling of unity and goodwill prevailed.—B. B.

BACKSLIDERS COME HOME.

Young Men Surrender Idols.

On Thursday night a Sister knelt at the Cross and found pardon at **Montreal II.** On Sunday afternoon Ensign Hamilton dedicated to God and The Army the child of Bandsman and Mrs. Jackson. On Sunday night, Bro. Whalen and Sergeant-Major Baird assisted the Ensign. An ex-Bandsman and a Sister came back to the fold.

Last Sunday night seven souls knelt at the mercy seat—six of the number being young men. One had previously rushed away from the Hall, but returned and went to the mercy seat. A number of his comrades, while at the penitent form, gave Ensign Hamilton their pipes and tobacco. At the close of the prayer meeting some of the Comrades had a march around the Hall. — Mrs. Turvey, Corr.

A JUBILEE SOCIAL.

Adjt. Burton, of Guelph, Presides.

A jubilee social was held at **Palmerston** on Monday December 4. The Hall was packed. Adjt. and Mrs. Burton, of Guelph, presided (The Adjutant was stationed here some years ago.) Although we have but few Soldiers, the friends of The Army came to our help, and a fine programme was given. Brother Carbert, of Walkerton, told how The Army had lifted him up, and Brother Scott Cowan referred to his 20 years' experience as a Salvationist, and together, with much music and song, a profitable evening was enjoyed.—W. D. L.

TWENTY-ONE SOULS.

New Officers' Good Welcome.

Welcome meetings to our new Officers—Ensign and Mrs. Geo. F. Johnstone—were led at **Moose Jaw** during the week-end.

Enormous crowds congregated at our usual open-air stand to welcome the Ensign, the Band turning out in full strength. Bandmaster Leonard Delamont is again in charge and was heartily welcomed by every Bandsman, and again at the open-air, where some soul-stirring selections, which drew large crowds to the City Hall both afternoon and evening, were rendered.

We had the joy of seeing nine souls seeking pardon at the mercy seat after the evening meeting. On the previous Sunday twelve souls came forward.

The singing and playing of Mrs. Johnstone and Lieutenant Wright is creating a deep impression upon the crowds that assemble in the open-air.—Wm. F. Cross.

LIFE THROUGH DEATH.

Memorial Service Held.

On Sunday, Nov. 10th, much of God's presence was felt in the meetings at **Essex.** The Holiness meeting was one of spiritual blessing and inspiration. In the afternoon Lieut. Ellis gave a stirring address.

On Tuesday night a coffee and cake social was held, the Leamington Officers taking part in the programme.

On Sunday, December 3, three souls found salvation.

In the afternoon, Captain Riches conducted the funeral service of the Sergeant-Major's niece, and at night the memorial service was held in the Hall, when the bereaved parents had their sorrow turned into joy by returning to God.—War Cry Corr.

TEN ON FIRST SUNDAY.

Ensign and Mrs. French have said good-bye to **Doting Cove** after a stay of over two years. We have welcomed Captain Woodland. On his first Sunday here ten souls stepped from darkness into light. Since then five more have knelt at the Cross. Our new Officer has brought with him some new choruses which the people already sing with great enthusiasm.—W. Cornick, Lieut.

In the absence of Captain Ransom, who has been away on furlough, the meetings at **North Sydney** were led by Lieutenant Minore, Envoy Ivey and Sergeant-Major Arnold. On Sunday, Dec. 3, one soul came out for sanctification, and at night another soul sought salvation.—E. and B.

VISITED BY ENVOY HANCOCK.

The week-end meetings ... **Chatham, Ont.,** were led by Envoy Hancock. The Band ... Soldiers turned out in good numbers, as usual, at all open ...

On Monday night, Dec. ... Envoy gave part of his life ... Hall was well filled. The Envoy, in company with ... Corps Officer, visited the ... and hospital. On Saturday December 6th, the meeting ... led by the Y. P. Secretary, ... Giddings, and a number of young people. At the close ... soul found salvation. Band meetings were led by our ... Officers. In the Holiness meeting four comrades gave their hearts afresh to God, and at the night meeting one soul found salvation.—E. H.

FORGED A CHEQUE!

Confessed at Army Penitent Form.

Three seekers for salvation ... night at **Edmonton, Alta.** ... Citadel is far too small for ... Sunday night meeting crowd.

The converts are to the ... at the Saturday night open-air, also inside meetings. ... night one young man came forward for salvation, also confessing to forging a cheque ... $45.00, afterwards making restitution to the bank manager. ... Songsters, under Bandmaster Davies, are making good progress. —R. Southall.

FOUR YEARS OF SILENCE.

Although for some months ... kirk has been without Officers the Corps is still holding on. ... man got saved last Sunday. ... his own gain, he had not spoken for four years until he gave testimony after rising from the penitent form. His action ... mean prison for him, but he is willing to go through anything now that he is saved.

MAYOR TAKES CHAIR.

A very interesting and ... evening was spent at The Salvation Army Hall at **Huntsville** Monday evening last. A ... supper was served from 6 ... after which a splendid programme was presented. There was a goodly number present and The Army's efforts ... highly appreciated by all. ... Callahan presided, and in ... tion to the chairman's address and the musical portions of the programme, Rev. D. H. Ma... and Mr. William Rumsey spoke briefly.

FORTY LUMBER-JACKS.

Visited by Army Officers.

On Thursday, Captain Ste... Lieutenant Holloway, of **Londonderry,** visited Brother Calli... lumber camp, where a good meeting was held. The Captain's ... ture was very much enjoyed ... a congregation of over forty ... bermen. The Captain being ... lumber-jack from Maine, ... right at home with the men ... the axe with old-time skill. ... Lieutenant also cheered the ... by his solo-singing.

DEDICATION AND MEMORIAL.

The meeting at **London II.,** on Sunday afternoon, November 26, was conducted by Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Chandler, assisted by Captain Turner of the D. H. Q. A good crowd was present. The Colonel dedicated the infant son of Brother and Sister Lismore. There was also a good crowd at night, when our own Officers were in charge.

Our D. C.'s, also Captain Turner, were present on Sunday night, December 3, and conducted a very impressive memorial service for the daughter of Brother Frazier. Various Comrades spoke of the beautiful life and the triumphant promotion of our late comrade.—M. C. R.

Captain Bocock has been welcomed as **Tillsonburg's** C. O., and Candidate Hannenburg, from Chesley, is her assistant. The Corps is now on the up-grade. Four backsliders have come back to God.—J. S.-M.

NEWS FROM P. E. I.

Lieutenant White has farewelled from **Summerside, P. E. I.,** and Lieutenant Whittaker has taken her place. Mrs. Patterson still takes her place at the steamers and trains with her collecting-box, and has a smile for every one. Since Captain Keane and Lieutenant Whittaker have come, four souls have been forward, and three have asked to be prayed for. We regret that Sergt.-Major Eakin is farewelling. — ... W.

ENVOY DAWSON RECOVERING.

Captain Steinburg, who assists in the Army's work in connection with Guelph Central Prison Farm, informs us that Envoy Dawson, who has been associated with the Farm ever since its establishment, has been very ill with bronchial pneumonia, and has been confined to his room for ... weeks. The Captain, however, adds that the Envoy is recovering, which news the War Cry is glad to learn.

HAD TO COME BACK

And Get Saved at the Hall.

On Sunday, Nov. 26th, eight souls sought salvation at **Bildo.** One brother having a bottle of rum in his pocket dashed it away, breaking the bottle, and then came to God. Two others had left the Hall, but had to return and get saved.

Sunday, Dec. 10th, was much enjoyed by our comrades. The meetings were conducted by Mrs. Adjt. Sainsbury. The Songsters rendered a selection in the afternoon, entitled, "Saviour Precious." The Brigade deserves credit for the way they help us. At night two souls found the Saviour.—An Eye Witness.

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Coombs led the night meeting at **Parliament Street** on Sunday, Dec. 17. Three souls came forward. One had been the subject of much prayer during the last year.

We are very glad to learn that Mrs. Captain Howland of Fredericton and Mrs. Captain Smith of Montreal IV. are now recovering rapidly from their recent serious illnesses.

Four souls sought salvation at **St. Stephen, N. B.,** on December

BRANTFORD'S NEWS.

On Saturday last the **Brantford** Band and Songsters gave a musical festival under the leadership of Bandsman May. For the week-end we had with us Ensign Flaws from the Army's Farm at Clarksons. His visit was a great blessing. On Sunday night one soul found salvation.—J. T. Wimble, Corps Corr.

CONVERTED BULL-PUNCHER

Visits Bowmanville.

Five souls in the fountain during last week-end at **Bowmanville.** We had with us the converted cowboy and Bro. Joe Potter. Crowds were the best for months, and finances good.

On Sunday afternoon the cowboy addressed a crowded Hall on the south-west country and his life there.

"Nothing like it for years," is the comment passed upon the night meeting. The Hall was full and many stayed till the close at a late hour. Five young people surrendered to God.—A. M. F.

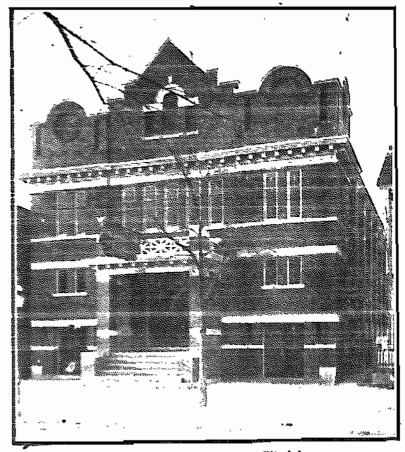
AT AN OLD BATTLEGROUND.

Four souls have come to Christ for salvation at **Leamington** within the last few weeks. Two weeks ago Captain F. Martin visited us. We enjoyed his words.

Last week Sister Mrs. Clinansmith, who was one time stationed here, came from Essex to see us. She was able to greet many old-time friends, both young and old. During the Sunday afternoon meeting led by Mrs. Clinansmith, three souls knelt at the Cross.—A Listener.

LOCALS LEAD THE MEETINGS

On Sunday, Nov. 10th, the meetings at **Lindsay** were led by the local Officers. The Holiness meeting was led by the Secretary, assisted by his wife and Sergeant Follis. The afternoon meeting was led by Mrs. Maslem, the Treasurer, assisted by Candidate Holmgrim, who read the lesson, and other comrades who sang solos, duets, and trios. The night's meeting was led by Sergeant-Major Whitehead and wife, assisted by J. S.-M. Garnett and C.-C.'s Garnett and Whitehead. A sister sought salvation. Winner.



The New Lisgar Street Citadel.

To which Corps Maj. Simco and Ens. Raven have been appointed.

AFTER TWELVE YEARS.

Staff-Captain McNamara was at **Brandon** on Dec. 2 and 3. She was stationed at this Corps 12 years ago. On the occasion of this last visit the Staff-Captain had the joy of meeting an old comrade who got saved in her welcome meeting a dozen years ago. He has remained true ever since. One soul was saved on Saturday night, and one on Sunday. Ensign Sheppard and Captain McLennan are leading on.

On November 16 **Seldom's Cove** witnessed a Hallelujah wedding, when Sister E. J. Chalk and Bro. James Dounton were united for the War by Captain Stickland. After the ceremony the Comrades were invited to the house where a wedding supper was provided. The Captain was with us on Sunday and his addresses were much enjoyed.

During the last few weeks 30 souls have come to the mercy-seat at **Woodstock, N.B.** The revival fire is burning. The soldiers and Band are in good form.—Adjutant Urquhart.

Captain Young has farewelled from **Grand Falls.** Ensign and Mrs. Ebsary and Lieutenant Smith have come to lead on. Candidate Fudge has gone to the Garrison. A successful social evening was held last week.

The last week-end meetings at **Oshawa** were conducted by Adjt. and Mrs. Parsons. Four souls were saved. The new converts are doing nicely.

The Band and Songsters are progressing, and the whole Corps is unitedly swinging along.

SOME RECORD BOOMING.

New D.C.'s Conduct Meeting.

The night meeting at **London I.** on Sunday last was led by Major and Mrs. Morris, the new Divisional Commanders. There was a large audience, which the Majors impressed most favourably. Their singing was a feature of the meeting.

Sister Mrs. Hartle and Sister Mrs. Smith, who boom the Cry on Saturday night recently sold 116 copies in one evening. It was Mrs. Smith's first effort with the papers.

[God bless you,, Mrs. Smith. Try again.—Ed.]

We regret to announce that Bro. Benjamin Bains (Happy Benny) has passed away. He died at St. Thomas, but his body was brought to London for burial.

BEHIND PRISON BARS.

Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Turner, accompanied by Staff-Capt. Fraser, Staff-Capt. Burrows, Adjutants Gosling and Habkirk, and Ens. Dalzell, visited the Central Prison and Mercer Reformatory, Toronto, on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 3rd. The meetings conducted were unusually interesting, and that at the Central was the talk of the men on Monday when Staff-Captain Fraser went his usual rounds. The singing, to banjo accompaniment, of Adjt. Habkirk, delighted the prisoners beyond expression. Col. Turner's addresses were pithy and to the point, and brought about thirty men to a decision to serve God henceforth. In the Mercer also the same number of women prisoners signified their intentions to live a better life.

Staff-Captain Arnold conducted the meetings at **Earlscourt** on Sunday, December 10. Successful efforts were made during the day for the securing of funds for a new stove. At night two souls knelt at the mercy seat.

Adjutant Sheard visited the Corps on Monday, December 18, and gave a very interesting cinematograph service.

Brigadier Bond, assisted by the Editorial Staff, conducted the meetings on Sunday, Dec. 24th, an address on his experiences in Zululand. Lieut. Gray, the War Cry Artist, produced many interesting and amusing sketches. At night Brigadier Bond gave a special address which was illustrated by the artist. Excellent crowds attended both afternoon and night meetings.

A very interesting series of meetings has been conducted at **Smith's Falls** by the Rev. J. Bell of the Bible Society, and Ensign McDonald, the Corps Officer. The Band of five players is proving quite an attraction in town.

On Sunday night, December 10, at **Barrie,** three souls surrendered. At the last Soldiers' meeting, four comrades reconsecrated themselves to God. Capt. Elrick and Lieut. Speller are carrying on the work with vigor and success. —M.

On December 5 and 6 a Sale of Work was held at **Catalina,** and the sum of $80.00 was realized, which goes to clear off a debt on our Hall. Captain Keepin and Lieutenant Wells are leading on here. Two souls recently claimed pardon.—Onlooker.

The Victims of Modern Industry.

AN ARTICLE DEALING WITH THE LOSS OF LIFE IN CONNECTION WITH SOME PRESENT-DAY WORKING METHODS

It is commonly understood that for nearly every floor of every skyscraper that goes to make up Manhattan's picturesque sky-line, a man gives up his life.

IT is probable that very few people when gazing with admiration and astonishment at some marvellous engineering work, think of the price it cost in human lives. When we come to get at the facts concerning the loss of life accompanying the development of our modern industries the figures are appalling. During the construction of a railway cut near New York in 1900, a certain newspaper published a partial list of the killed and injured. It filled four columns.

"Last spring when the new Municipal Building was being erected on Park Row in New York, the steel skeleton had reached the third floor before the first man was killed, and the contractors marvelled," writes Arno Dosch in Everybody's Magazine. This was the record for big buildings in New York. It is commonly understood that for nearly every floor of every skyscraper that goes to make up Manhattan's picturesque skyline, a man gives up his life.

"Closer figures are not obtainable. No one, in fact, has any at all. Ten times as many men might have been kiklled, and yet there would have been not only no authority to prevent the outrage, but no record of the slaughter.

"When the Employers' Liability Commission, appointed by Governor Hughes, discovered this, it was aghast. 'In all the large number of immense skyscrapers erected in New York City,' it recorded, 'not an accident or an injury that takes place is reported to any one (except to the coroner in immediately fatal cases) from the time the first shovelful of dirt is thrown out until the last slate is put on the roof. Nor can the number of killed and injured in these trades be even approximated.'"

The Refuse-dumper's Lot.

"A very dangerous occupation is that of 'scowman,' whose duty it is to dump refuse from the scows into the open sea. The scows are towed out into the ocean regardless of weather, and solid masses of water often sweep over them from end to end. Even sailors seldom know anything so bad. But the greatest danger comes at the dumping ground, where the scowman must run along a greasy, slippery, twelve-inch plank, to knock out the traps. Outside New York harbour, where forty scows are dumped every day of the year, the inspecting Government tugs have long been in the habit of standing by while the scowmen make their perilous runs along the twelve-inch plank, and they have saved so many that they have lost all count.

"Here again there is no certain way of finding out how many men lose their lives. The scows do not clear from the customhouse, nor are the owners responsible to the adjoining States. There is no possibility of an investigation, no call for a coroner's jury, no report of men lost. Frequently the men are employed with the utmost informality—picked up in a hurry on the wharf at night, told how to knock open the trap doors, and promised a dollar and a half

Dumping Refuse from Scows Into the Open Sea—Very Dangerous Work, in Which Human Lives "Don't Count."

if they get back. Some scowmen become accomplished gymnasts. But what about the poor man who goes out into a nasty sea on his first trip?

"A storm is regarded as rather a boon—to the owners. The solid seas wash a good deal of the load overside, and, on the plea of saving life and property, the traps are ordered opened long before the dumping ground is reached. At such times the sea is at its meanest, but there is not even a Government tug standing by.

One Life a Day.

"But much worse conditions exist on land. Our eyes, however, are dazzled by the brilliance of the accomplishment in which they are involved. We see the smooth-running railroad, the towering building, all the polished exterior of civilization; we cannot see that they are 'black with blood.'

"There is the terminal being built for the New York Central in New York City. It is one of the wonders of the age. It has been in the course of construction for seven years, and the excavating is still going on. Years more will be necessary to complete it. But, in the end, the unsightly yards will give way to avenues and handsome buildings; the terminal will be completely below the surface, operated by electric engines, and no longer a scar across the face of the city. Moreover, it will be the last word in convenience and one of the most patent evidences that 'the world does move.'

"But does it? That hole has been a slaughter-house. Rarely has a piece of excavating work been carried on in such defiance of humanity. When a coroner's jury censured the 'contracting company for its carelessness, the coroner pointed out that the toll of the dead and seriously injured was a man a day. Stop and consider that.

"In the very heart of the greatest American city, while throngs hurried by above and did not know or care, every twenty-four hours a man was needlessly sacrificed.

"And little good would it have done the throng if it had stopped and objected. Until last year there was no law that could reach the contractor. Even the police did not get a record of the accidents. Without breaking the law in any way, the company was able to hide many of the deaths it caused. For, under the rulings of the Public Service Commission, if a man is not killed instantly, or does not die within three days, it is only necessary to list him as 'injured.' Nothing was ever done to stop the slaughter at the Grand Central Station."

"Modern industry must have its victims," people will glibly say when acquainted with facts such as these. It is treated everywhere with dull apathy, and an unthinking acceptance of the assumption that the killing of men is a necessary blood sacrifice to our comfort.

"Sand-Hogs" being hoisted from a caisson. These men have been working for two hours in a steel tube, under a forty-pound air pressure.

Promoted to Glory.

BRO. R. CHERRY OF HAMILTON

Our comrade suffered since summer with cancer in the tongue. The surgical operation proved too much for him in his weakened condition. Through all his sickness and suffering our comrade had a perfect trust in God, and showed a cheerful spirit. His last words just before he passed away were "Victory! Victory!"

By a strange coincidence Mrs. Miller, who was announced for the week-end and conducted at the same time the memorial service, was instrumental in leading Bro. Cherry to God in the Hunter Street Barracks.

The Citadel was filled on Sunday night for the memorial service. Mrs. Major Miller spoke on "Home," and the Band played "Promoted to Glory." Four young men and one young woman yielded to Christ.

"CAPTAIN" DYER OF HAMILTON, BER...

A well-known comrade of the Bermudian forces, namely Captain Dyer, has gone to Heaven. He rarely missed an open-air meeting. He followed the sea for the greater portion of his life, and was respected by all for his integrity of character, and was always ready to give a testimony for Christ. In his later years sickness beset him, and on Nov. ... passed away. Our comrade leaves a sorrowing wife, two sons and two daughters to mourn their loss.

The funeral service at the house was conducted by Ensign and Mrs. Owen and Captain ...way. Rev. Mr. Walker, B.A., took part. The Band headed the procession to the cemetery, where Archdeacon Davidson conducted the last rites.—D. O. C.

BRO. J. CARTER OF LOO...

After six years' fighting for God and souls as a soldier in the ranks of The Salvation Army, Brother James Carter of the ... Cove Corps has gone to his reward. Brother Carter was a great sufferer for the last three ... of his life. While suffering he never lost sight of Jesus. When the writer visited him a few days before he went to Heaven, our comrade said with joy, "Yes, Captain, Jesus is over there waiting for me."

The funeral service was conducted on Thursday, Dec. ..., and on Sunday night a memorial service was held. Many references were made to the good life of our departed comrade. We pray that God will bless the sorrowing wife and relatives.—R. G. A., C...

THEIR FIRST KNEE-DRILL.

Captains Holland and Ma... who opened St. James (W...peg) Corps about nine ... ago, have farewelled. On ... vember 22, the welcome m... of our new Officers, Captain ...strong and Lieut. Bobbitt, ... held.

Knee-drill has been ... We had eleven in attend... the first Sunday. ... meetings were well atte... night one soul came to God.

OUR INTERNATIONAL NEWS LETTER

...RSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

...Mrs. Booth proposes to visit ...inburgh early in the New Year ...open a new Women's Shelter ...ere.

...Her Majesty Queen Wilhel...na and His Royal Highness ...ince Henry of the Netherlands ...ve written eulogizing the work ...the Army and making parti...ar reference to a booklet ...ich has recently been issued. ...e Queen Mother has sent a ...ntribution to the Social funds.

...t is probable that Commis...ner Eva Booth will visit Lon...n during the coming spring.

...Commissioner Fakir Singh ...ooth-Tucker) is expected on a ...ef visit to England. He is ...nging with him Mrs. Booth-...cker, whose recent serious ill...ss will be fresh in the minds ...our readers and who has been ...liged, under strict medical ...ders, to take rest in England.

...Baron Shibusawa, Baron Ishi...ro, Mayor Ozaki, and a number ...other leading Japanese gentle...n, have been inspecting the ...my's Institutions in Tokio. ...unt Okuma intended to make ...e of the party, but fell ill. He, ...wever, sent his representative.

...Commissioner Ridsdel has re...tly been engaged in annual ...pections of the various Divi...ns which comprise the Army's ...d of spiritual operations in ...lland. At each Divisional cen... he has spent an entire day ...mining the records and test... the work accomplished, with, ... are told, very satisfactory re...ts. The Commissioner has ...o been leading public meet...s in different parts of the ...ritory.

...Commissioner Hodder has been ...iting a number of Corps in the ...th of Japan, where he enroll... as soldiers ten converts who ...re won during Lieut.-Colonel ...berts' visit.

...EAT BRITAIN.

...Last week, His Grace the Duke ... Argyle opened a four-storey ...ension or wing of the Army's ...me for men at Spa Road, Ber...ndsey, London. The General, ... Chief of the Staff and Mrs. ...oth, Sir Edward Clarke, K.C., ... George Askwith, the Duchess ... Marlborough, the Mayor of ...rmondsey, and many other ...ables were present. The Gen...l delivered two addresses and ...ded the proceedings, and Sir ...ward Clarke and Sir George ...kwith also spoke. Both paid ...rm and graceful tributes to ... Army.

...pa Road Elevator is probably ... largest and best-equipped in...ution of its kind in the whole ...rld. Within its borders 600 ...n are at present housed, fed, ... provided with employment ...arying kinds and grades; and ...ost every one of those 600 ...n in the making—or should ... say re-making?—was, before ...ning under the Army's influ...e, a hungry, ragged outcast. ...e new wing consists of four ...reys with a dining-hall on the ...und floor equal to seating 500 ...ple, two dormitories above ...h space for 240 more beds, ... on the floor above them a ...eting hall to accommodate 800.

...ecently the ex-drunkard's ...gade belonging to Norland ...lle Corps, London, Eng., visit...a Hall (now used by a mis...) which was formerly a saloon, and in which many members of the Brigade had often had drunken carousals. Seven of the characters in "Broken Earthenware" (Mr. Harold Begbie's famous book) spoke.

The Poacher and the Criminal both made reference to transactions which had taken place in the very house in which they were now talking about Salvation.

The Copper Basher and Rags and Bones spoke of the times when they had wandered through those streets homeless and friendless, but also said that since they had come to God He had blessed them in a marvellous manner. They were now married, and they and their wives and children were happy, having comfortable homes and many good friends.

The Cat Eater said since he had obtained Salvation, instead of sleeping with pigs and living mostly on hog-wash, he could now have roast-beef and plum pudding.

The Plumber and the Tight Handful also testified that when Christ entered the heart of a drunkard it not only meant a change to the man himself, but also brought happiness to his wife and children.

Major and Mrs. Phillips, Men's Social Secretaries, Vancouver, B.C. Last week we published the portraits of Colonel and Mrs. Rees, the newly-appointed secretaries for the men's social and prison work. On this page we publish the portraits of the Colonel's right-hand helpers, Major and Mrs. Phillips, who have charge of this department of Social Work in the West, and Major and Mrs. Hay, who have charge of the work in the East. They have wide and responsible duties, and render The Army valuable service.

ARMY FRUIT FOR KING GEORGE.

Among the efforts towards self-support made by the Indian Territory is that of the establishment of a fruit farm at Ani, near Simla. Writing of the past year's work there, Commissioner Booth-Tucker says:

We are having a splendid year with our fruit. The winter apples are selling at fourpence each, and we cannot keep pace with the demand. The larger varieties and the quality is as good as the and the quality is as good as the quantity. Our "American Greenings" and "Northern Spies" are the favourites; we sell them as fast as they come in. The turnover of the fruit and other products of the farm has reached over 6,000 Rs. for the year ending September 30th.

"At the Delhi Durbar there will be a quantity of fruit and jams from Ani, and I understand that some of these are finding their way to the King-Emperor's own camp. We have sent a basket of our fruit to two or three of the leading Rajahs, and I have just received a letter from the private secretary to the Maharajah of Mysore saying that "His Highness the Maharajah asks me to thank you for the basket of apples which you have so kindly sent him.'"

At the Mysore (India) Exhibition a gold medal was awarded for the Army's silk exhibit, which included specimens from the mulberry leaf and silkworm egg to the woven fabric. The Army has now five silk-culture schools in India and Ceylon.

HOLLAND AND NORWAY.

In spite of various disasters to the fisher floats and extensive damage to the dykes and surrounding district of Zeeland, which proved a great strain on the financial resources of the country, Holland's National Appeal resulted in over 38,000 francs being raised—2,000 francs more than last year.

During a recent terrible storm around the Norwegian coast, the Catherine Booth Life-boat was successful, in six days, in bringing into safety eleven boats with a total of thirty hands.

BISHOP OF LONDON ON ARMY MOTTO

The Bishop of London, speaking at Muswell Hill recently, said he would ask his audience whether their Christianity, which they had learnt in their Churches, was of the right kind. There was a Christianity which rather hugged itself into its own spiritual comfort; that sort of Christianity went to church, derived comfort, and then went straight home and said, "What lucky people we are here," and all that sort of thing.

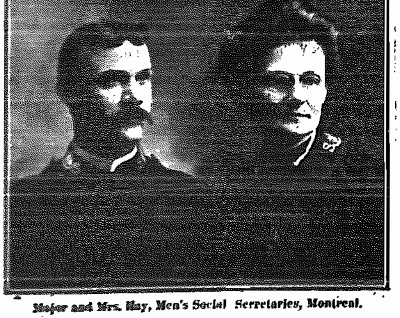
That was not the Christianity which Christ taught. He (the Bishop) would quote what he considered the fine motto of The Salvation Army, "Saved to serve." The man or woman really saved for Christ said I am "Saved to serve"—I must "pass it on." That should be their motto as well as The Salvation Army's.

CARD-TABLE FOR A PULPIT.

Ensign Critchlow, of Sav la Mar, Jamaica, while out visiting and War Cry selling, went into a yard where four young men were sitting around a box gambling. The Ensign knelt on the box and commenced to pray. Three of the men snatched up the cards and ran away; but after he had prayed he had a talk with the fourth, who promised not to gamble any more. The Ensign then sat on the box and sang three songs from The War Cry, which attracted a large crowd of people, among them the three young men who had run away.

SELF-DENIAL VICTORY.

Another Continental Self-Denial victory is reported, ... united Territory of Swit... and Italy having raised ... did total of $40,000 about $500 more ...



Major and Mrs. Hay, Men's Social Secretaries, Montreal.

BOQUETS.

CONCERNING THE CHRISTMAS WAR CRY.

The general consensus of opinion seems to be that the Canadian Christmas Cry has scored another success and has gone one better than the best. From the many expressions of favourable opinion we have received we select the following letters as being typical of all:

"My Dear Brigadier,—Regarding the Christmas War Cry.

"First permit me to congratulate your staff and yourself on the splendid production. I think the Cry is excellent, judge it from whatever standpoint you may, and certainly it reflects the greatest credit on your staff and yourself. Secondly, I desire to place on record my sincere thanks for all the labor, sacrifice, and devotion in connection with the production of the Christmas War Cry. I am by no means an Editor, but I know enough of literary work to realize that this paper has called for not only skill, but forethought, toil, and sacrifice, and I desire to thank you. Thirdly, you will be pleased to know that without an exception the Officers have spoken most highly of the Cry, and wherever I have been they anticipate a ready sale of the paper. God grant that our highest hopes and expectations may be more than realized.

"The Commissioner."

"My Dear Brigadier,—Thank you cordially for the advance copy of your Christmas Cry, which I reckon is the best one you have turned out to date.—Wm. H. Cox, Editor-in-Chief American publications."

"Dear Brigadier,—As an outsider, but one who wishes The Army well, will you permit me to congratulate you upon your Christmas War Cry, which is easily the best you have yet produced. I and several friends were delighted with the fine reproduction of the picture 'For Men Must Work and Women Must Weep,' which alone is worth five times the price charged for the magazine. The securing of the right to reproduce that splendid painting was in itself a distinct journalistic achievement.—Very truly yours, G. W. L."

In a note to the Commissioner, the Editor of the Barrie "Northern Advance" says: "We wish to draw attention to the really superior workmanship and artistic ability shown in the Christmas Cry."

There have been other matters which go to show that the Christmas Cry has been well received. For instance, a Toronto merchant was so pleased with it that he made each of his fifty employees a present of a copy. Also we have sold more copies per Corps than ever before.

This will stimulate Editor and printer to do greater things next Christmas.

On Sunday, December 3, Capt. Lidman was welcomed to Winnipeg III. On Wednesday, Staff-Captain McAmmond and Ensign ... Kirk were here. A large new ... presented to the Corps. ... regard...

An Automatic Telephone.

It seems possible that the "hello girl" will not be needed in the future, for if the automatic telephone system recently invented be adopted, operators will be needed only for trunk calls. The system is as follows. The lines in an automatic exchange are divided into groups of 100 lines each, each group consisting of 100 line-switches and 110 connector-switches. For the purpose of selecting the particular groups into which you wish to call, a series of switches called "selectors" are introduced. The function of the selector-switch is to make connection from the subscriber's line and line switch to a connector-switch in the particular one-hundred group in which the called subscriber's line appears. There may be one, or two, or three, or even four series of selector-switches depending upon the size of the exchange. If the number desired to be called consists of four digits—as, for instance, in 3580—the first movement of the dial at 3 operates a first selector-switch which selects the particular one-thousand group in which the desired number is located—i.e., the third thousand—and makes connection with a second selector-switch in that thousand. The second movement of the dial will now operate this second selector-switch, which will in turn select the particular one-hundred group (i.e., the fifth hundred) in the third thousand, and so on. Immediately the connection is completed the called subscriber's bell begins to ring. If the line is engaged the calling subscriber will hear the "engaged" signal. The average time required to complete any connection is three to six seconds.

Turkish Crown Jewels Sold.

The jewels of Abdul Hamid, the ex-Sultan of Turkey, were recently put up to auction in Paris, and fetched an enormous price. When the revolution of July, 1908, led to the dismissal of the Sultan by the young Turks, the Crown jewels were taken from him, with the idea that they should be sold and the money obtained spent on buying warships and guns. The present sale was ordered by the Turkish Naval Committee, and is expected to yield funds enough for a gun-boat or even a torpedo-boat. Some thought people might be superstitious about owning gems once the property of a deposed ruler with an unenviable reputation; yet on the first day, when the most valuable pieces were not put up, one necklace of pearls sold for 277,100 francs, another of 108 Orient pearls with ten emerald bolts for 267,000 francs, while a third, composed of 154 pearls in three strings with diamond clasps, realized the enormous sum of 920,100 francs, the highest price ever given for a pearl necklace at a Paris sale. It was bought by a Paris Jeweller, and, including commission, the total cost to him was well over a million francs.

A School Experiment.

The Christian Endeavour World contains an account of a successful experiment in New York which is benefitting school children. It is the furnishing of cheap lunches to the children.

The kitchen is in the school. Upon reaching school in the morning the children buy brass checks, for which they pay three cents each. The cooks, therefore, know just how many meals to provide. The children themselves serve the meals and do the clearing up and the dish washing under supervision. Those that serve in this way receive meals free.

Medical examination has shown that the children that partake of these lunches are in far better physical condition and are doing better school work than those that do without lunches. In many cases, if the school lunches were not provided, the children would go without food at noon, their parents being away from home and at work. This is a truly Christian undertaking.

WHY HE CAME BACK.

The Story of a Two-dollar Bill.

Two or three weeks ago a man walked into Ensign Mardall's office and laid a $2 bill on his desk.

"Hullo, J——," the Ensign said, jumping from his chair and taking the man by the hand. "I'm right glad to see you, but what brings you here? And what's this money for?"

"I owe you that," replied the visitor. "Don't you recollect paying my railway fare to ——?"

Yes, the Ensign remembered. The man before him had stood in the prisoner's dock at the Toronto Police Court just a few months ago. The charge against him was not a serious one and with the Ensign's aid the man succeeded in getting off without sentence or fine. The Ensign then brought him over to his office, talked and prayed with him, and at last succeeded in getting him saved while both knelt in a corner of the lower hall of the Temple. Then the man was given the fare to a good job in B———, and he worked steadily there until the job was finished. Returning to Toronto he soon secured other work, and on his first afternoon off called on the Ensign as already stated to pay back the $2 spent in railway fare, to report that he was still saved, and hadn't touched a drop of strong drink ever since the day when he gave his heart to God in the corner of the Hall. Who says that it doesn't pay to help a fellow when he's down and out?

WHILE EATING HIS SUPPER!

Troubled for Thirty Years, a Tobacco Slave at Last Finds Deliverance.

"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God."

For thirty years and more, a comrade who for the present shall be known as M. R., was troubled by the above words which are recorded in John iii.: 3. He was a good living fellow—in the estimation of himself and his mates—attended church, took part in open-air discussions, disputing with atheists, spiritualists, and others, and was never known to swear, but rather reproved it. True he dearly loved his pipe of tobacco, and he had no objections to a glass of beer now and again, but there—nobody with whom he was acquainted condemned him for that, and so he went on clinging to the self-assurance that he was "as good as the next fellow," and never for a moment doubting that he would get to Heaven all right, if he did nothing worse.

One evening ... supper after a ... he came to ... what a miserable ... had been. ... ation came ... conscience: ... Leaving his supper ... as fast as he ... where a meeting ...

At the first opp... up and told the ... had come for salva... ally knelt at the ... There his trouble... put to flight—he ...

From that day ... been free from ... usual glass; ... tests the very ...

A LITTLE ...

The Sequel ...

"Read that," ... dall, the Police ... War Cry man ...

The Ensign hand... piece of paper ... which was written ... note: "Please ... money order for ... think this finishes ... Yours, ——."

"What's the ..." the Cry man.

"You remember ... publishing in the ... story of a young ... $30 from his room... and how he ... soundly converted ... tent-form?"

"Yes, sure I do."

"Well, that dollar ... thirty which the ... paid back to the ... he stole them. It ... some little time ... stuck to the job ... kept well saved, ... owes no man a ..."

"Good boy! Wh... soldier?"

"Oh, he hasn't ... yet. It was his ... the debt before he ... public stand for ... Army. But the way ..."

The War Cry ... returned the piece of ... the Ensign values ... that underneath ... short message was ...

"Received, one ... last payment re... —Detective Cross."

Said that official ... sign brought him ... "Well, Captain, this ... If you have such ... with our men, I ... could give you ... handle. Thats ... ance, and no mist... Crown Attorney.

THE LAUGH WA...

Riding on a street ... work at the Provin... ters in Winnipeg, a ... Officer now appoin... torial Headquarters, ... ed by a man who ... imbibed too freely.

"Say," he said, ... ing, bleary eyes ... studied the Officer's ... form cap for at least ... minutes. "Say, you ... telligent to belong ... tion Army people."

The man spoke ... everybody in the ... looked his way ... what would happen.

Without a moment... and so the people ... Officer replied: ... look too intelligent ...

Needless to say ... on the boozy one ... more.

...AVING WITH THE POOR.

(Continued from Page 3.)

...st would not bring insult ... injury. Every hand had been ... st them, and now they were ... body's friend, because in the ... s battle between good and ... heir only manner of fighting ... een to go on in perfect faith ... oyalty to the Master who ... idden His servants "Love ... enemies, bless them that ... you, do good to them that ... you, and pray for them ... despitefully use you and ... cute you." They smile if ... sk them whether anyone in... them now, and say, in that ... self-possessed manner of ... which is the outcome of en... orgetfulness of self, "Oh, no; ... the little boys are occasion... troublesome."

...posite a high dead wall, we ... ed at the dor of a tiny ... From the doorstep you ... straight into the little sit... room. Behind it was a sort ... cullery, and upstairs two ... rooms, each smaller than a ... ng-room in the houses of ... who are not poor. The ... f the upstairs rooms was let ... odger. In the two others a ... n of nearly eighty lived ... her son, in years a middle-... man, in mind a little child. ... came in the woman had ... d out on the table a torn and ... bare cloth garment, and ... with scissors in hand, try... cut it so as to make it into ... rs for her son. Everything ... very poor: the table, a ... of drawers, a chair or two, ... small camp-bed under the ... w was all the furniture, ex... he few cups and jugs and ... which should have been in the kitchen, had there been such an apartment. The two who lived in that room had probably more often been on the brink of starvation than many even of the poorest of poor Londoners, for they received no parish relief. "Your son should be in an asylum," she had been told, and when she refused to part with him they declined to help so "obstinate" a woman. Now he and she lived on the few shillings which the woman of seventy-seven could make by her needle, and the gifts which The Salvation Army Officers took to them out of their small stock of worldly goods.

It was a fine story, that of the old widow of the Scotch schoolmaster. The husband had been consumptive, and for some years before he died he had been invalided, and she had worked for him and for their only child, the boy with the beautiful blue eyes and the gentle ways, who remained a child, guileless and happy and absolutely incapable of earning his own living. When the husband was dead there was still a little of the thrifty couple's savings left, and the wife was still strong, capable, and very courageous. She made simple clothes for poor and simple people, and she and her boy were happy together. But old age came, with ill-health and dimmed eyes, and there was less and ever less food and coal and clothing.

And here she was at seventy-seven, on the grey winter morning, with nothing but a grim wall to look at through the window; with a dull, tiny fire of coal-dust, and with a serious disease threatening. But her face was bright, and she spoke cheerfully of the future. Talk of the courage and patience of the poor! No one who has not seen scenes like this has any idea of the fine fortitude, the heroism, that is barn and bred in the slums. And those who know most about that section of the very poor whose poverty is due to misfortune of some kind or other, and who have battled and struggled year after year, till age and infirmities substitute endless patience for dauntless courage, know also how much there is of the silent heroism which is never rewarded here on earth.

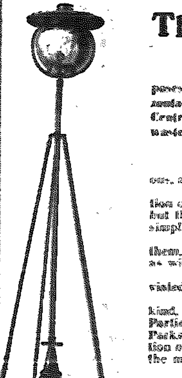
We made the old woman tell us how she "managed" to live on four or five shillings a week. The best part of the rent for the little tumble-down place was paid by the lodger, but his breakfast had to be provided out of his payment. Pressed hard as to what food she and her son had, the old woman said quietly, "There has always been a little rice; rice is very nourishing." We had come to bring her the good news of a little increase of her weekly "income," a half-crown that she could rely on to stand between her and starvation. When she heard this, her fortitude gave way, and the tears rolled down the grey old cheeks on the withered hands. "God knows how hard a struggle it has sometimes been," she sobbed, "but I could not let my boy go. He is all I have, and at the asylum they might not be kind to him." There was a knock at the door, and the "boy" came in—a bearded man, with beautiful, vacant, child-like eyes. He looked shyly round, and anxiously at his old mother's twitching face, and then talked like a child of the pet cat they had cherished and taught tricks, and shared their poverty with. "It could open the door, and it could play hide and seek," he said, "and then they killed it when mother was out, and laid it dead on the front step when she came home. Now we've got that little black one," pointing to a kitten that lay on the hard chair-bed under the window.

The morning had grown darker, and the room gloomier, since we entered it, but on the face of the old widow there lay a new light, and the "boy," whose eyes were always on his mother's face, reflected her happiness. As we rose to leave, the quiet girl "Captain" said very simply, "And now we'll just kneel down and thank our Father for His goodness." There was not room for all to kneel, and the old woman's knees were too stiff to bend. But the Salvation Army lasses knelt at the table, and the vacant, blue eyes of the "boy" shone from where he stood in the doorway behind his mother, and while the little black cat played wild games a prayer went up to Heaven from this gloomy corner of underground London that thrilled the heart with its note of deep gratitude and perfect trust.

They go everywhere; no court is too foul, and no alley too vicious for them; they know all the sick and the forgotten and the starving; they give what help they can, being themselves but poor; and they give freely of their own strength, doing the most menial services where required. And wherever they go they pray—not with acquired eloquence and in studied phrases but in words so simple that the dullest brain can grasp their meaning; and they pray out of the fulness of their own heart and faith.

LET THERE BE LIGHT

The Acetylene Band Lamp not only provides light for Bands, but is also useful in Open-Air Services where there are no Bands.



WE ARE SOLE AGENTS FOR

The "AI" ACETYLENE BAND LAMP

(BARTLETT'S PATENT.)

This Lamp gives a Light equal to from 250 to 300 Candle Power. For all practical purposes it is Equal to Daylight. Easily carried by one man. Can be held Perpendicularly or Horizontally without danger, and burns equally well. Provided with Tripod Stand which Folds on Centre. Burns 2½ Hours at a cost of about 8c. Light can be Regulated same as a Gas Jet. No waste. Lights and turns out at will. Renewal parts supplied.

Price— - - - 16.00 net.

There is a very common, but entirely unfounded, belief that all Acetylene Lamps are dangerous, and the restrictions placed upon their use by Local Authorities lend colour to the error.

Some Acetylene Lamps are dangerous, there is no denying this; but a glance at the construction of the "AI" demonstrates at once that it not only differs from all others in its most vital points, but that it is built upon scientific principles which guarantee its safety in everyday use, unless the simple precautions are deliberately disregarded.

Then users of Acetylene Lamps have had to contend with the unpleasant odour emitted from them, making their very presence a nuisance; but here again the "AI" outstrips all competitors, as with ordinary care it is absolutely odourless.

Every other objection which has been raised to the ordinary Acetylene Lamp is entirely obviated in "AI," making it thoroughly up to date.

Bartlett's Patent Acetylene Lamps surpass all other makes. For Outdoor Gatherings of every kind, Brass Band Marches, Religious Services, Temperance Gatherings, Mass Meetings, Garden Parties, Festivals, or Demonstrations of any kind whatsoever, whether on the public street, or in Parks or Private Grounds, where a portable and easily-managed means of providing Illumination of surpassing brilliancy is required, the "AI" is the only Acetylene Lamp that we know of on the market which gives satisfaction.

DRUMS! DRUMS!! DRUMS!!!

No. 6—Military Drum, 28 inches. Well seasoned ash shell and hoops, buff braces, white cord $25.50

No. 7—Military Drum, 26 inches. Well seasoned ash shell and hoops, brown braces, strong hemp cord, $22.50.

The Trade Secretary, 18 Albert St., TORONTO.

Salvation Songs.

HOLINESS.

Tunes.—Welcome, Sweet Day, 76; Silchester, 75; Song-Book, No. 408

1 Spirit of faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God,
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the Blood.

'Tis Thine the Blood to apply,
And give us eyes to see,
Who did for every sinner die
Hath surely died for me.

Inspire the living faith,
Which whoso'er receives,
The witness in himself he hath,
And consciously believes.

Tunes.—Draw Me Nearer, 225; Song-Book, 401.

2 I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice,
And it told Thy love to me;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to Thee!

Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord,
By the power of grace divine;
Let my soul be washed from its every stain,
And my will be lost in Thine!

Oh, the pure delight of a single hour
That before Thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God,
I commune as friend with friend.

WAR AND TESTIMONY.

3 I've found a Friend in Jesus,
He's everything to me;
He's the Fairest of Ten Thousand to my soul,
The Lily of the Valley, in Him alone I see
All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole;
In sorrow He's my Comfort, in trouble He's my Stay,
He tells me every care on Him to roll

Chorus:
He's the Lily of the Valley,
The Bright and Morning Star,
He's the Fairest of Ten Thousand to my soul.

He all my griefs has taken and all my sorrows borne;
In temptation He's my strong and mighty tower;
I've all for him forsaken, I've all my idols torn
From my heart, and now He keeps me by His power.
Though all the world forsake me, and Satan tempt me sore,
Through Jesus I shall safely reach the goal.

Tune.—"Living Beneath the Shade."

4 If you want pardon, if you want peace;
If you want sorrow and sighing to cease,
Look up to Jesus, who died on the tree
To purchase a full salvation.

Chorus:
Living beneath the shade of the Cross,

If you want Jesus to reign in your soul,
Plunge in the fountain and you shall be whole;
Washed in the blood of the Crucified One,
Enjoying a full salvation.

If you want boldness, take part in the fight;
If you want purity, walk in the light;
If you want liberty, shout and be free,
Enjoying a full salvation.

SALVATION.

Tunes.—Oh, the Drunkard, 180; Song-Book, 37.

5 Poor sinner, thy Saviour is waiting for thee—
Is waiting to see if from sin thou wilt flee;
His love is so boundless, so full and so free—
Then why not come home while He's waiting for thee?

Chorus:
Oh, the drunkard may come, and the swearer may come,
Backsliders and sinners are all welcome home;
If you will but repent and be washed in the Blood,
For ever and ever you will dwell with the Lord.

The Lord is now looking, poor sinner, for thee;
He knows thy poor soul is in great misery;
From sin, fear, and death He would fain set thee free;
Come now to thy Saviour, He's waiting for thee.

Tune.—"There's Mercy Still for Thee," B. J., 15; S. M., 11, 12.

6 O wanderer, knowing not the smile
Of Jesus' lovely face,
In darkness living all the while,
Rejecting offered grace,
To thee Jehovah's voice doth sound,
Thy soul He waits to free;
Thy Saviour hath a ransom found;
There's mercy still for thee.

Long in the darkness thou hast stayed,
Away from joy and peace;
Thou hast these worldly pleasures tried,
But found them soon to cease,
Without one lingering ray of hope,
In anguish thou mayst be;
Oh, listen to the joyful sound,
There's mercy still for thee.

THE COMMISSIONER'S APPOINTMENTS.

EASTERN TOUR, January 7 to 21 inclusive.

The Commissioner will be accompanied by MAJOR FINDLAY.

SATURDAY, Jan. 6. (Soldiers' M'n'g at 7.)	*TRURO, N.S.
SUNDAY, January 7th	*NEW GLASGOW, N.S.
MONDAY, January 8th	*WESTVILLE.
TUESDAY, January 9th	*PICTOU, N.S.
WEDNESDAY, January 10th	*STELLARTON, N.S.
THURSDAY, January 11th	†SPRINGHILL, N.S.
FRIDAY, January 12th	†AMHERST, N.S.
SATURDAY, January 13th	†MONCTON, N.B.
SUNDAY, January 14th	†MONCTON, N.B.
MONDAY, January 15th	†CHATHAM, N.B.
TUESDAY, January 16th	†SUSSEX, N.B.
THURSDAY, January 18th	†ST. STEPHEN, N.B.
FRIDAY, January 19th	†WOODSTOCK, N.B.
SATURDAY, January 20th	†FREDERICTON, N.B.
SUNDAY, January 21st	†FREDERICTON, N.B.

*Staff-Captain Barr will be present.
†Major Taylor will be present.

We Miss You.

INFORMATION URGENTLY WANTED

To Parents, Relatives, and Friends,
We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address, Lieut.-Col. Pugmire, 20 Albert St., Toronto, marked "Enquiry" on envelope. One dollar should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses; in case of reproduction of photo, two dollars. Officers, Soldiers, and Friends are requested to assist us by looking regularly through the Missing Column, and to notify Col. Pugmire, if able to give information concerning any case, always stating name and number of same.

First Insertion.

8690 HUGHES, PERCY WRIGHT.—Age 25 years, height 5 ft 4 in., fair; left his home March 6, 1911, without saying a word as to his intentions, have reasons to think he is now in Canada, as he previously lived in Winnipeg; his widowed mother in great distress, and anxious for news.

8692 ERSKINE, MRS, nee Mary May Smith, Age 41 years, height 5 ft 6 in, fair hair, fair complexion, blue eyes; six years ago came to Canada; her husband is a dentist.

8693 PALMER, MRS.—Age between 40 and 50 years; some 28 or 30 years ago came to this country with a party of "Barnardo Boys"; distant relations in this country now inquiring, would like to know whether living or dead.

8694 ANSTISS, GEORGE.—Age 31 years, thick black hair, brown eyes, heavy moustache, thin face, engineer; when last heard of was leaving Big River Lumber Co. to come East; wife and family most anxious for news.

8695 WHEELER, EDWARD.—Will Edward, or anybody able to give information concerning his whereabouts, kindly communicate with above office immediately; parents most anxious concerning him; urgent

Second Insertion.

8544. SHEPPARD, ANNIE.—Age 24 years, medium height, blue eyes, brown hair, fair complexion; last heard of in Winnipeg; friends anxious for news.

8644. FORTH, JOHN.—Age 34 years, dark hair, scar on left side of face, cast in one eye; was a wire twister and weaver in England; came to this country from Scotland in 1909, last heard of in Toronto, wife and family in the Old Country most anxious for news.

8675. GIBSON, ROBERT ANDERSON.—Age 39 years, medium height, dark hair; came to Canada in 1907, last heard of in May, 1911; wife and children in the Old Country most anxious for news.

8683. BUTTERWORTH, JAMES and ROBERT.—Tall, fair, blue eyes; last heard of in Whitney, Ontario; may have gone to the Klondyke; mother most anxious for news.

8670. EDGAR, HENRY HOWARD.—Age 53 years, dark hair, henpeck mark under right eye; supposed to have gone to Winnipeg in the early eighties to work on the C.P.R.; news wanted.

8685. The relatives of John Webb to find Mrs. Jones, who advertised for them in Hamilton, Ontario, some time ago; any person in a position to give any information kindly notify the above office.

8687. COLLINS, EDWIN GEORGE.—Age 31 years, dark hair, dark complexion; came to Canada in 1906, last heard of in May, 1909, at Arcola, Sask.; wife and children in the Old Country anxious for news.

8686. PEARCE, GEORGE, alias CLIFFORD.—Age 32, height 5 ft. 7 in, fair; carpenter; lost one finger; last heard of in Montreal, may have gone North or West; news wanted.

NEW ARRIVALS WELCOMED.

Three senior and three Junior Soldiers from the Old Land have been welcomed to **Sydney Mines** this week. One Brother takes up an instrument in the Band, and another goes to the Junior Work. We had a good week-end. One brother requested our prayers.—Correspondent.

The Chief Secreta[ry's] APPOINTMENTS.

Tuesday, Jan. 9.—Officers[' Meet]ing in the Council Cham[ber,] T. H. Q. at 4 p.m., for all [T. H.] Q., Men and Women's [Social,] Divisional and Training [College] Staffs and Cadets, and [Field] Officers.

Thursday, Jan. 11.—Special [Meet]ing at Yorkville Corps a[t 8.] The T. H. Q., Men and W[omen's] Social, Training College [Staffs] and Cadets will unite. [The] Cadets' Band will sup[ply] music.

Sunday, Jan. 14.—*Toronto

Sunday, Jan. 21.—*Parliament

*At 3 p.m. Lieut.-Col. P[ugmire] will give an address [on the] Army's Prison Work in C[anada.] The Chief Secretary will p[reside,] and a number of prominent gentlemen will be on the [plat]form.

T.H.Q. NOON-DA[Y] KNEE-DRILL.

Friday, Jan. 5...Lieut.-Col.
Tuesday, Jan. 9...Brig.
Friday, Jan. 12......Brig.
Tuesday, Jan. 16. Lt.-Col.
Friday, Jan. 19......Adjt.
Tuesday, Jan. 23...Capt.
Friday, Jan. 26......Adjt.
Tuesday, Jan. 30......Brig.

BRIGADIER BURDITT

Hamilton I..........Jan.
Rhodes Ave..........

BRIGADIER ADBY,

The Commander of the [Northern] Division.

Berlin, Jan. 6, 7, and [8; Hes]peler, Jan. 9; Hamilton [II., Jan.] 10; Hamilton II., Jan. 11; [...] Jan. 13 and 14; Midland, [...] Bracebridge, Jan. 16; [...] Jan. 17; North Bay, [...] Haileybury, Jan. 19; Co[balt, Jan.] 20 and 21; New Liskeard, [...]

MAJOR FRANK MORRIS

The Divisional Comm[ander of] the London Divi[sion.]

Wallaceburg, 2nd; [...] 6th, 7th; Forest, 9th; [...] 10th; London, 11th; [...] 13th, 14th; Essex, 15th; [...]ington, 16th; Petrolia, [...] Sarnia, 22nd; Strathroy, [...] Palmerston, 26th; Owen [Sound,] 27th, 28th; Clinton, 31st; [Sea]forth, Feb. 1st; Wingham [...]

MAJOR SIMCO

Sault Ste. Marie.....Jan.
Sudbury..........Jan.
Parry Sound.......Jan. 2[...]

MRS. BLANCHE JOH[NSTON]

The Praying League [...]

RIVERDALE,

Sunday Evening, Janua[ry ...]

ENVOY (BREWER) [...]

Cobourg..........Jan.
Essex..........Jan.

NEWS FROM CHAN[NEL]

Adjutant and Mrs. Brow[n,] by the grace of God, accom[plish]ed great things at Chann[el. At] the close of Sunday's [meeting] one soul cried to God for [pardon.] The Adjutant has been [vis]iting the outposts during [the last] two weeks. The meetings [have] been led on by Mrs. B[rown, as]sisted by the writer.—Captain.